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TRIVIA: or The Art of Walking the Streets of London. By Mr. JOHN GAY. With Introduction and Notes by W. H. WILLIAMS, M.A., formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge; Professor of English Literature in the University of Tasmania

SIGN FOR A PAVIOUR
PAINTED BY HOGARTH

THE streets of a great city have always had a great fascination for poets, from the Psalmist who walked about Zion telling the towers thereof, to the mystic who mused over the domes and temples of London asleep in the morning light. So "TRIVIA," which began as a burlesque of the "Arts," developed into an original poem containing a series of picturesque scenes, the harvest of a quiet eye which had been fascinated by the panorama of the London streets.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY DANIEL O'CONNOR
AT 90 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, W.C.1. MCMXXII

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TRIVIA

JOHN GAY

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. AIKMAN, ENGRAVED BY B. DICKENSON

TRIVIA:

OR, THE ART OF WALKING THE STREETS OF LONDON. BY JOHN GAY

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

By W. H. WILLIAMS, M.A.

FORMERLY SCHOLAR OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE; PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF TASMANIA

WITH A PORTRAIT
AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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TRIVIA:

OR, THE

ART of *WALKING*

THE

STREETS of LONDON.

By Mr. *GAY*.

Quo te Mœri pedes? An, quo via ducit, in Urbem?
Virg.

LONDON:
Printed for *Bernard Lintott*, at the *Cross-Keys*
between the *Temple* Gates in *Fleetstreet*.

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INTRODUCTION

'THE lighted shops of the Strand and Fleet Street; the innumerable trades, tradesmen, and customers, coaches, waggons, playhouses; all the bustle and wickedness round about Covent Garden; the very women of the Town; the watchmen, drunken scenes, rattles;—life awake, if you awake, at all hours of the night; the crowds, the very dirt and mud, the sun shining upon houses and pavements; the print-shops, the old book-stalls, parsons cheapening books, coffee-houses, steams of soups from kitchens, the pantomimes—London itself a pantomime and a masquerade—all these things work themselves into my mind, and feed me, without a power of satiating me.'—CHARLES LAMB.

INTRODUCTION

THE eighteenth century was an age of 'Arts.' We have an *Art of Knowing Ones Self*, and of *Painting in Oil*, an *Art of Pleasing in Conversation*, and of *Assassinating Kings*. It was also an age of burlesque. Addison claimed that his generation surpassed the ancients in 'Doggerel, Humour, Burlesque, and all the trivial Arts of Ridicule.' 'We meet,' he says, 'with more Raillery among the Moderns, but more Good Sense among the Ancients.' The note of the preceding generation had been dignity—the dignity of the court of Louis Quatorze, introduced into England at the Restoration, when, 'in ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,' Britain became 'to soft refinements less a foe"; the dignity symbolized by the flowing periwig with its luxuriant ringlets, and expressed by Dryden, when in 1700 he spoke of Chaucer as 'a rough diamond,' who 'must first be polished e'er he shines.' But dignity, in the hands of inferior artists, had inflated itself into pomposity and become oppressive. The young wits revolted, and smote the oppressor in the forehead with the smooth stone of ridicule. Gay wrote *Trivia* primarily as a burlesque on versified 'Arts.'

But, in spite of Pope's epitaph, Gay was no satirist. He may have been 'formed to delight,' but he was certainly not formed 'to lash the age.' Pope was living in the past when he wrote the epitaph on Gay in Westminster Abbey. 'The sabbath of his days' was not yet fully come, but it was already the preparation of the sabbath. Satire was the vogue in his youth, and he had made a reputation as a satirist. Satire, he believed or affected to believe, was the consecrated weapon of moral indignation. His satire, he flattered himself, 'heals with morals what it hurts with wit.' 'I am proud; I must be proud,' he cried, 'to see men not afraid of God afraid of me.' But Gay was one of those fat sleek-headed men who sleep o' nights. He had no mission to cleanse the foul body of the infected world. To him it was no unweeded garden that runs to seed,

but an easy, comfortable place, full of interests and pleasures. He calls himself a 'fat Bard,' and in the epitaph he wrote for himself says he had found that 'Life is a Jest.' In the fable of *The Hare and many Friends* he describes the hare as one 'who in a civil way complied with everything like Gay.' Pope is reported to have said that 'he was a natural man without design, who spoke what he thought, and just as he thought it.' He was not savage like Swift, nor spiteful like Pope. If he pricked an affectation, his sting did not inject that drop of venom into the puncture which inflames the wound. By some kindly freak of Nature, when *uoluit iocari*, the scheme of ridicule seemed to suffer an unconscious change into gentle realism. He came to scoff, but remained to pray. Instead of cursing he blessed. *The Shepherd's Week*, originally intended to ridicule the artificiality of the conventional pastoral as represented by 'namby-pamby' Philips, became popular as a realistic picture of country life. 'Thou shalt not find my shepherdesses,' he says in the preface, 'idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or, if the hogs are astray, driving them to their styes.' Yet in this avowed parody of the 'critical gallimawfry made by certain young men of insipid delicacy' we find pieces of natural description like

> Now the Sun drove adown the western road,
> And oxen laid at rest forgot the goad,
> The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
> Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade.

The What d'ye Call It, which contains parodies of Philips' *Distress'd Mother*, Otway's *Venice Preserv'd*, Rowe's *Jane Shore*, and Addison's *Cato*, is now known only for the pathetic ballad, 'Twas when the seas were roaring.' *The Beggar's Opera*, written, according to Johnson, 'in ridicule of the musical Italian drama,' was nearly damned, as Quin said, the first night, but was saved by the song, 'Oh, ponder well! be not severe!' and by the innocent simplicity of Polly.

So *Trivia*, which began as a burlesque of the 'Arts,' developed (as *Joseph Andrews* developed from its original design of burlesquing *Pamela*) into an original poem, containing a series of picturesque scenes, the harvest of a quiet eye,

which had been fascinated by the panorama of the London streets.

The streets of a great city have always had a fascination for poets, from the psalmist who walked about Zion telling the towers thereof, to the mystic who mused over the domes and temples of London asleep in the morning light. Horace used to saunter through the Forum in the evening, pricing cabbages and corn, and listening to the fortune-tellers. Juvenal has left us etchings of the monkey performing as a legionary on the back of a goat, and then munching a rivelled apple in a corner of the embankment; and the long-shore crimping house, where jack-tars caroused cheek by jowl with thieves, executioners, and coffin-makers, to the fitful tinkling of the eunuch's tambourine. Langland saw in his vision a London tavern, where mine hostess makes the pudding-ale hot i' th' mouth with pepper and peony seeds, and Clement the cobbler stakes his cloak against Hick the hackney man's hood at the 'new fair,' the loser to have his cup filled at the expense of the winner; where tinker, rat-catcher, and scavenger hob-nob from matins till evensong, to the tune of 'let go the cup,' with Clarice of Cock's-lane and Peronelle of Flanders. Dan John Lydgate, monk of Bury, tells how Flemings cry felt hats and spectacles in the streets of mediaeval London; cooks offer pies, ribs of beef, and bread, with ale and wine; costermongers shout hot peas, strawberries ripe, and cherries on the branch; hawkers vend silk, lawn, velvet, and Paris thread in Cheapside; hot sheep's feet, mackerel, and green rushes are cried in Candlewick Street near London Stone. He sees his own hood, which had been stolen from his shoulders in the crowd, hanging in a shop in Cornhill. The bargeman at Billingsgate will not ferry him across the Thames for less than twopence, and London has already licked up his last penny for a pint of wine.

Gay was not, as Swift once called him, 'as arrant a cockney as any hosier in Cheapside.' Though apprenticed to a London silk mercer, he was born and educated at Barnstaple, and in spite of Swift could 'distinguish rye from barley, and an oak from a crab-tree.' He was not as arrant a cockney as Dr. Johnson. To Johnson London was 'the fountain of intelligence

and pleasure.' The happiness of London, he said, is not to be conceived but by those who have been in it. 'No, Sir, when a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.' Boswell reports that they were walking one evening in Greenwich Park, when Johnson, to try him, asked, 'Is not this very fine?' Boswell, having, as he confesses, 'no exquisite relish of the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with the busy hum of men,' replied, 'Yes, Sir; but not equal to Fleet-street.' 'You are right, Sir,' retorted the sage with enthusiasm. But Gay looked upon London, not with Boswell as 'the great scene of ambition, instruction, and amusement; comparatively speaking, a heaven upon earth'; nor with Wordsworth as 'a sight so touching in its majesty'; but rather with Steele, when, after lying at Richmond, he rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four and twenty hours. The only moral he could draw for his readers from the description of his day's ramble was that he thought it of great use, if they could learn to keep their minds open to gratification, and ready to receive it from anything they met with.

If, with George Gissing, we define art as 'an expression, satisfying and abiding, of the zest of life,' we may call *Trivia*, with certain obvious limitations, a work of art. It gives expression to Gay's zest of life as seen in the streets of London. And, if we adopt for the time a Protagorean or pragmatistic definition of poetry, that what produces the effect of poetry on me is poetry to me, *Trivia* may be called a poem by those who find pleasure in the pictures of bygone days it brings up before the imagination. In winter the stage-coaches with miry sides and stiff horses are late and move slowly through the town. When the weather becomes milder, the nodding coachman snores on his box, and chairmen idly crowd the tavern doors. Before rain the swinging signs creak, the booksellers in the open square hastily strip the broad-sides from the rails of their stalls, the watermen on the Thames spread blue awnings over their wherries, and the stockings, hanging on poles from the hosier's shop, flag in the damp air. In the

morning the newsboy runs breathlessly through the streets, crying *The Flying Post*, or *The London Gazette*, the little chimney-sweeper skulks along to his work, the shops begin to open, and carts rumble along. Later in the day hogsheads are rolled from tilted carts down taut ropes into underground cellars; carmen count the billets of firewood as they dump them on the pavement; and the wheels of heavily laden waggons clash in the narrow streets. Or we have a winter scene, frozen gutters; snow falling in flakes; women's pattens clogged; men knocking clots of snow from their boots against the posts; coaches rolling silently along; schoolboys snowballing the coachmen, or covering the treacherous slide with a thin layer of snow to beguile the unsuspecting matron, or make the damsel reveal her green stockings; harnessed chairmen standing idly outside White's, or swinging their numb hands round their waists; the sempstress with red nose tripping to the Exchange, or playing at shuttle-cock and battledore across the counter with her companions; a fair on the frozen Thames, the fat cook roasting an ox whole over the blazing fire, the long avenues of booths, and the various games played on the ice.

For the antiquary *Trivia* offers interesting descriptions of the manners, customs, and dress of the period. We see the beau with his amber-tipped cane held under his arm for ornament rather than for use, or lolling at ease in his gilded chariot or cushioned sedan-chair on his way 'to court, to White's, assemblies, or the play.' We see the powdered footman fastening his wig under his flapping hat on a rainy day. Early in the morning we see the draggled fish-wife hawking the fish she has just bought at Billingsgate; the she-asses before great houses braying to be milked; sallow milk-maids chalking up their scores on the doors; drummers rousing a newly married couple from sleep. We see the fop treading delicately in his red-heeled shoes, while his mantling peruke sheds clouds of powder around; the bully cocking his hat, trimmed with tarnished gold lace, as he struts along, arrogantly taking the wall of every one who will give way to him; the poor wretch standing in the pillory for perjury,

pelted with turnips and rotten eggs by the mob; the broker in his broad beaver, intent on some mortgage, taking devious by-ways to avoid the expense of a coach; and the ruined spend-thrift, with unkempt wig, dodging the Fleet Street draper's dun. We see the rope with wisps of straw stretched across the street to show that it is closed for repairs; the hoops nailed on newly painted stalls to protect the unwary passenger from 'oily woes'; and the lanterns hung at night over heaps of rubbish or excavations. We see the London 'prentices kicking the football through the streets, and the 'dexterous glazier' strongly returning it. On Monday and Thursday, the 'days of game,' we see the surly bull and muzzled bear slowly walking through the streets to be baited at Hockley-hole. On Wednesday and Friday, the fasting days of the week, the stalls are covered with fish—carp, trout, salmon, lobster, sole, and scallops. In spring the streets resound with cries of flowers, elder-buds, and young nettles to cleanse the blood; mackerel are cried in June, even on Sundays; walnuts, plums, and pears in autumn, when the boys raffle for oranges. Christmas is heralded with cries of rosemary, bay, holly, laurel, and mistletoe. The brass knocker swathed in flannel shows that there is sickness unto death in the house; or a funeral passes, the herse blazoned with scutcheons, and crowned with nodding ostrich plumes. Chairmen sling the poles of their sedans on their shoulders for a shilling fare, or fall into the gutter when drunk, upset the passenger, and break the glass windows of the chair. Runners distribute handbills advertising cheap tailors, or seventh-born doctors. Cutpurses, pickpockets, and shoplifters abound. The 'subtle artist,' tempted by the silver hilt, steals your sword in the crowd; unfelt fingers lighten your pocket of watch and snuff-box; even your wig is not safe from the child carried in a basket on the thief's shoulders. The pickpocket, chased with cries of Stop thief! dodges nimbly through the crowd, but is caught and put under the pump, or ducked in the horse-pond. 'Guinea-droppers' play the confidence trick on the unsuspecting countryman; card-sharpers and thimble-riggers tempt his credulity; professional bravoes force a quarrel on him.

The evening has its perils for the pedestrian. Wooden shop-fronts suddenly descend; tottering planks and long ladders, carried on the shoulders of labourers returning from their work, threaten his head. The night is still more dangerous. If he essay to cross the road, unescorted by the 'link-boy's smoky light,' he runs the risk of breaking his shins against some porter's load, resting on an alehouse bench, or besmirching his white stocking with the muddy wheel of a barrow. He may fall into an open cellar, or upset a costermonger's stall. Even the link-boy is not to be trusted. In some dark alley he may 'dowse the glim,' and rob his convoy with the help of his confederates. Then, too, wander forth the sons of Belial, 'flown with insolence and wine'—Nickers, Scourers, and Mohocks—and maltreat the belated wayfarer.

We see some of the most famous buildings, streets, and squares of London—the broad pavement of Cheapside; Thames Street, stretching from Fleet Ditch to the Tower with its moated walls, malodorous with tallow-chandlers' boiling fat, stale fish on the fishmongers' stalls, hogsheads exuding train-oil, and piles of Cheshire cheeses; fair Pall Mall, with its gilded coaches, its perfumed shops, its windows gay with brilliant ribbons; or blazing with flambeaux in the evening, while the footmen wait to escort their mistresses home after paying calls; Drury Lane, haunted by 'fair recluses'; Ludgate Hill, with straining horses slowly dragging huge carts up the steep incline; the site of the once famous Arundel House, now occupied only by a wooden pump and lonely watch-house; Burlington House, celebrated for its paintings and the residence of Handel; the meat-markets of Newgate, Leadenhall, and St. James'; the fruit-market of Covent Garden; Moorfields, famous for second-hand books, and Monmouth Street for old clothes; Lincoln's Inn, infested with beggars in the daytime, who will knock you on the head with their crutches at night.

Trivia burlesques not only the didacticism but also the classicalism of the period. Writers studied the Roman poets of the Augustan age, especially Virgil, Horace, and Ovid,

either seriously imitating and adopting their thoughts, language, and style, as having attained a standard of excellence no longer possible, or using them for the purpose of parody in treating a subject in a mock-heroic spirit. Gay had two precedents in the latter method—Garth's *Dispensary* and Pope's *Rape of the Lock*—each of which he mentions in his poem. It was part of his scheme of burlesque to compare incidents of daily life in the streets of London with incidents borrowed from classical poetry and mythology. It must be admitted that his range of illustration is limited, and his examples trite and commonplace, and not always very apposite. When moisture gathers on church monuments before rain, 'Niobe dissolves into a tear.' The uncurling of the wig in wet weather is compared to Alecto's snaky tresses falling at the music of Orpheus, or Glaucus' beard 'clotted and straight with briny dew.' The countryman, bewildered by the maze of London streets, is compared to Theseus in the labyrinths of Crete, or a sailor caught between Scylla and Charybdis. Horses, flinging mud from their heels as they strain up Ludgate Hill, are compared to the Parthians throwing their javelins backward. Doll, the apple-woman, drowned while crying 'pippins' on the frozen Thames, becomes the severed head of Orpheus floating down the Heber and calling for Eurydice. The poet, forcing his way through the crowd in search of a lost friend, is Aeneas seeking Creusa among the ruins of Troy, or Nisus returning to find Euryalus. The beau, overturned from his gilded chariot in the mud by the dustman's cart, is Phaethon hurled down to the under world by the lightning of Jove. The parting of the rabble by the passage of a coach or cart is illustrated by the division of Greeks and Trojans by the thunderbolts of Zeus. The walker who engages in a street brawl risks the fate of Laius slain by Oedipus where three roads met. Matrons trundled down Snow Hill in hogsheads suggest Regulus in his legendary barrel. The fireman rescuing an infant from the flames recalls Aeneas saving Anchises from the ruins of Troy.

The language, as well as the similes, is often taken from the Latin poets. Atoms of dust 'involve the skies,' and snow

is 'the gathering fleece,' as in Virgil. Birds are sensitive to changes of weather, 'not that their minds with greater skill are fraught.' As in Ovid, the horses on the frozen Thames 'wander Roads unstable, not their own.' As in Horace, 'Plenty pours from liberal Horn'; and the man who first ventured to eat the living oyster had 'a Palate cover'd o'er with Brass or Steel.' *Quid non ebrietas designat?* becomes 'What will not Lux'ry taste?' and the epilogue beginning 'And now compleat my gen'rous Labours lye' parodies the *Exegi monumentum.* Juvenal suggests the couplet:

> When in long Rank a Train of Torches flame
> To light the midnight Visits of the Dame.

Gay's style lacks the 'energy' of Dryden and the 'correctness' of Pope. He is loose, careless, and slipshod, but his simple realism escapes Pope's temptation to sacrifice truth to antithesis and epigram. He calls himself 'the meanest of the Muses' train.' The Muse of *Trivia*, as he describes her in one of his *Epistles*, is shod with pattens, and draggled with walking through dirty lanes and alleys. A frequent blemish is the confusion between *thou*, *thy*, and *you*, *your*. He often uses them indiscriminately in the same paragraph, as in *Trivia*, I, 200-2:

> You jostle for the Wall; the spatter'd Mud
> Hides all thy Hose behind; in vain you scow'r,
> Thy Wig alas! uncurl'd admits the Show'r.

In *Rural Sports* he applies *you* and *your* to Pope in the first quatrain, and *thy* and *thee* in the second.

Though we are told by one of his editors that, whenever he had money in his pocket, Gay 'preferred the ease of a coach to the exertion inseparable from walking,' we should infer from *Trivia* that he was an enthusiastic walker. In the preface he deprecates the envy of the critics by confessing that he 'walks on foot.' Rosy-complexion'd health, he says, attends the steps of the walker, and exercise bestows 'unartful charms' on the glowing cheeks of the lady who trips along the town on foot. While coaches disregard the appeal of orphan and widow, the walker is moved by charity, and liberally relieves the lame and blind. The walker escapes rheumatism,

jaundice, asthma, gout, and stone. The walker may loiter over second-hand book-stalls, and dip into Plutarch's *Morals*, or Bacon's *Essays*, *Venice Preserved*, or *The Rape of the Lock*. Yet the walker has his dangers. He may be jostled by the elbows of the crowd against the posts which protect the curb of the causeway, or caught in the turnstile and beaten to the ground, or soused with the offscourings of some fish-stall.

Gay had a kindly and humane disposition. Though an expert angler (he gives an admirable description of fly-fishing in *Rural Sports*, highly praised by Andrew Lang), he would not use live bait:

> Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
> No blood of living insect stain my line.

And yet (unlike Sir Roger de Coverley, who 'could not find in his heart to murther a Creature that had given him so much Diversion'), after describing with apparent gusto how the greyhound 'tears with goary mouth the screaming prey,' he can exclaim, 'What various sports does rural life afford!' In *Trivia* he urges that the due civilities of the street should be strictly paid; the feeble steps of trembling age must not be jostled; the porter bending beneath his load, and panting for breath, must have the road cleared for him; the groping blind must be directed, and the lame shielded from the pressing throng. Barbarous men should not vent their rage on the generous steed that earns their daily bread; Christmas charity should 'bid meagre want uprear her sickly head, bid shivering limbs be warm'; the crossing-sweeper is to be rewarded with half-pence, and the palsied hand of old age is not to be kept waiting for alms; those who pass the house of sickness should breathe a prayer that their fellow creature may be spared.

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Chancellor: *Annals of Fleet Street; Annals of the Strand* (1912).

[NOTE]

THE text of the present edition is reprinted from the first edition of *Trivia*, which was published, according to an advertisement in the *Daily Courant*, on the 26th of January, 1716. A second edition, without date, was issued apparently soon after, and *Trivia* was included in the sumptuous quarto edition of Gay's *Poems on Several Occasions*, published in two volumes by Jacob Tonson and Bernard Lintot in 1720, with a long list of wealthy and distinguished subscribers prefixed.

The second edition (*ed.* 2) and the Quarto (Q) generally agree in reading, spelling, and punctuation, but Q sometimes introduces changes of its own, together with a few new readings: such as *gray-ey'd* for *blushing*, and *streaks* for *warms* (I, 233), *Let* for *In* (II, 254), and *a* for *the* (III, 56). It also contains an addition (II, 99-220), the episode of the genesis of the shoe-black from a scavenger and the goddess Cloacina, justly condemned by Dr. Johnson as 'nauseous and superfluous.' *Ed.* 2 and Q omit part of the *Advertisement* and the *Errata*. In *ed.* 1 and Q proper nouns are printed in italics, but when they are in the possessive case the suffix is in roman. *Ed.* 1 uses initial capitals for nouns, *ed.* 2 and Q lower-case letters. In the marginal notes *ed.* 2 uses capitals for nouns. Q omits the marginal notes, but occasionally inserts the note at the foot of the page. On the whole *ed.* 2 is printed worse than *ed.* 1 and Q. It contains some rather bad misprints, not found in the other two texts, *e.g.*, *spoil's* (I, 50), *tailing* (I, 110), *straight* (I, 206), *riding-hoods* (I, 210), *stone's* (II, 402), *bacon* (II, 438), *semptresses* (II, 441). But *ed.* 2 sometimes corrects the mistakes of *ed.* 1, as *Chariots* (I, 116), *Not* (II, 180), and *Jove* (II, 413). In a few cases Q corrects *ed.* 1 and *ed.* 2, as *Gondola's* (I, 98), and *Naples* (I, 93).

ADVERTISEMENT

THE World, I believe, will take so little Notice of me, that I need not take much of it. The Criticks may see by this Poem, that I walk on Foot, which probably may save me from their Envy. I should be sorry to raise that Passion in Men whom I am so much obliged to, since they allowed me an Honour hitherto only shown to better Writers: That of denying me to be the Author of my own Works. I am sensible this must be done in pure Generosity; because whoever writ them, provided they did not themselves, they are still in the same Condition.

Gentlemen, If there be any thing in this Poem, good enough to displease you, and if it be any Advantage to you to ascribe it to some Person of greater Merit; I shall acquaint you for your Comfort, that among many other Obligations, I owe several Hints of it to Dr. Swift. *And if you will so far continue your Favour as to write against it, I beg you to oblige me in accepting the following* Motto.

—Non tu, in *Triviis*, Indocte, solebas
Stidenti, miserum, stipulâ, disperdere Carmen?

ERRATA.

PAGE 35. *Line* 8. [23. 10 present edition] *instead of* around the Square, *read* along the Square. *Page* 38. *Line* 14. [25. 5] *instead of* Clouds roll on, *read* Clouds move on. *Page* 50. *Line* 9. [31. 21] *instead of* tinsilled Slaves, *read* tinsell'd Slaves.

STREET SCENE
HOGARTH

TRIVIA

BOOK I

Of the Implements for walking the Streets, and Signs of the Weather.

THROUGH Winter Streets to steer your Course aright,
How to walk clean by Day, and safe by Night,
How jostling Crouds, with Prudence, to decline,
When to assert the Wall, and when resign,
I sing: Thou *Trivia*, Goddess, aid my Song,
Thro' spacious Streets conduct thy Bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding Alleys lead the doubtful Way,
The silent Court, and op'ning Square explore,
And long perplexing Lanes untrod before.
To pave thy Realm, and smooth the broken Ways,
Earth from her Womb a flinty Tribute pays;
For thee, the sturdy Pavior thumps the Ground,
Whilst ev'ry Stroke his lab'ring Lungs resound;
For thee, the Scavinger bids Kennels glide
Within their Bounds, and Heaps of Dirt subside.

My youthful Bosom burns with Thirst of Fame,
From the great Theme to build a glorious Name,
To tread in Paths to ancient Bards unknown,
And bind my Temples with a *Civic* Crown;
But more, my Country's Love demands the Lays,
My Country's be the Profit, mine the Praise.

When the *Black Youth* at chosen Stands rejoice,
And *clean your Shoes* resounds from ev'ry Voice;
When late their miry Sides Stage-Coaches show,
And their stiff Horses thro' the Town move slow;
When all the *Mall* in leafy Ruin lies,
And Damsels first renew their Oyster Cries:
Then let the prudent Walker Shoes provide,
Not of the *Spanish* or *Morocco* Hide;
The wooden Heel may raise the Dancer's Bound,
And with the 'scallop'd Top his Step be crown'd:
Let firm, well-hammer'd Soles protect thy Feet
Thro' freezing Snows, and Rains, and soaking Sleet.
Should the big Laste extend the Shoe too wide,
Each Stone will wrench th' unwary Step aside:
The sudden Turn may stretch the swelling Vein,
Thy cracking Joint unhinge, or Ankle sprain;
And when too short the modish Shoes are worn,
You'll judge the Seasons by your shooting Corn.

Nor should it prove thy less important Care,
To chuse a proper Coat for Winter's Wear.
Now in thy Trunk thy *Doily* Habit fold,
The silken Drugget ill can fence the Cold;
The Frieze's spongy Nap is soak'd with Rain,

And Show'rs soon drench the Camlet's cockled Grain.
True *Witney* Broad-cloath with it's Shag unshorn,
Unpierc'd is in the lasting Tempest worn:
Be this the Horse-man's Fence; for who would wear
Amid the Town the Spoils of *Russia*'s Bear?
Within the *Roquelaure*'s Clasp thy Hands are pent,
Hands, that stretch'd forth invading Harms prevent.
Let the loop'd *Bavaroy* the Fop embrace,
Or his deep Cloak be spatter'd o'er with Lace.
That Garment best the Winter's Rage defends,
Whose shapeless Form in ample Plaits depends;
By * various Names in various Counties known,
Yet held in all the true *Surtout* alone:
Be thine of *Kersey* firm, though small the Cost,
Then brave unwet the Rain, unchill'd the Frost.

If the strong Cane support thy walking Hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the Wall command;
Ev'n sturdy Car-men shall thy Nod obey,
And rattling Coaches stop to make thee Way:
This shall direct thy cautious Tread aright,
Though not one glaring Lamp enliven Night.
Let Beaus their Canes with Amber tipt produce,
Be theirs for empty Show, but thine for Use.
In gilded Chariots while they loll at Ease,
And lazily insure a Life's Disease;
While softer Chairs the tawdry Load convey
To Court, to *White*'s, Assemblies, or the Play;
Rosie-complexion'd Health thy Steps attends,
And Exercise thy lasting Youth defends.

* *A* Joseph, *a Wrap-Rascal*, &c.

Imprudent Men Heav'ns choicest Gifts prophane.
Thus some beneath their Arm support the Cane;
The dirty Point oft checks the careless Pace,
And miry Spots thy clean Cravat disgrace:
O! may I never such Misfortune meet,
May no such vicious Walkers croud the Street,
May Providence o'er-shade me with her Wings,
While the bold Muse experienc'd Dangers sings.

Not that I wander from my native Home,
And tempting Perils foreign Cities roam.
Let *Paris* be the Theme of *Gallia*'s Muse,
Where Slav'ry treads the Streets in wooden Shoes;
Nor do I rove in *Belgia*'s frozen Clime,
And teach the clumsy Boor to skate in Rhyme,
Where, if the warmer Clouds in Rain descend,
No miry Ways industrious Steps offend,
The rushing Flood from sloping Pavements pours,
And blackens the Canals with dirty Show'rs.
Let others *Naples* smoother Streets rehearse,
And with proud *Roman* Structures grace their Verse;
Where frequent Murders wake the Night with Groans,
And Blood in purple Torrents dies the Stones;
Nor shall the Muse through narrow *Venice* stray,
Where *Gondola*'s their painted Oars display.
O happy Streets to rumbling Wheels unknown,
No Carts, no Coaches shake the floating Town!
Thus was of old *Britannia*'s City bless'd,
E'er Pride and Luxury her Sons possess'd:
Coaches and Chariots yet unfashion'd lay,
Nor late invented Chairs perplex'd the Way:

An Exact REPRESENTATION of the Solemn and Magnificent *Funeral PROCESSION* of His Grace *JOHN* late Duke of MARLBOROUGH, as it was perform'd on *Thurſday* the 9th of *Auguſt*, 1722; with proper References, &c. explaining every Part of that *Pompous Solemnity*.

Then the proud Lady trip'd along the Town,
And tuck'd up Petticoats secur'd her Gown,
Her rosie Cheek with distant Visits glow'd,
And Exercise unartful Charms bestow'd;
But since in braided Gold her Foot is bound,
And a long trailing Manteau sweeps the Ground,
Her Shoe disdains the Street; the lazy Fair,
With narrow Step affects a limping Air.
Now gaudy Pride corrupts the lavish Age,
And the Streets flame with glaring Equipage;
The tricking Gamester insolently rides,
With *Loves* and *Graces* on his Chariots Sides;
In sawcy State the griping Broker sits,
And laughs at Honesty, and trudging Wits:
For you, O honest Men, these useful Lays
The Muse prepares; I seek no other Praise.

When Sleep is first disturb'd by Morning Cries;
From sure Prognosticks learn to know the Skies,
Lest you of Rheums and Coughs at Night complain;
Surpriz'd in dreary Fogs, or driving Rain.
When suffocating Mists obscure the Morn,
Let thy worst Wig, long us'd to Storms, be worn;
This knows the powder'd Footman, and with Care,
Beneath his flapping Hat, secures his Hair.
Be thou, for ev'ry Season justly drest,
Nor brave the piercing Frost with open Breast;
And when the bursting Clouds a Deluge pour,
Let thy Surtout defend the drenching Show'r.

The changing Weather certain Signs reveal.

E'er Winter sheds her Snow, or Frosts congeal,
You'll see the Coals in brighter Flame aspire,
And Sulphur tinge with blue the rising Fire:
Your tender Shins the scorching Heat decline,
And at the Dearth of Coals the Poor repine;
Before her Kitchin Hearth, the nodding Dame
In Flannel Mantle wrapt, enjoys the Flame;
Hov'ring, upon her feeble Knees she bends,
And all around the grateful Warmth ascends.

Nor do less certain Signs the Town advise,
Of milder Weather, and serener Skies.
The Ladies gayly dress'd, the *Mall* adorn
With various Dyes, and paint the sunny Morn;
The wanton Fawns with frisking Pleasure range,
And chirping Sparrows greet the welcome Change:
Not that their Minds with greater Skill are fraught,
Endu'd by Instinct, or by Reason taught,
The Seasons operate on every Breast;
'Tis hence that Fawns are brisk, and Ladies drest.
When on his Box the nodding Coachman snores,
And dreams of fancy'd Fares; when Tavern Doors
The Chairmen idly croud; then ne'er refuse
To trust thy busy Steps in thinner Shoes.

But when the swinging Signs your Ears offend
With creaking Noise, then rainy Floods impend;
Soon shall the Kennels swell with rapid Streams,
And rush in muddy Torrents to the *Thames*.
The Bookseller, whose Shop's an open Square,
Foresees the Tempest, and with early Care

Of Learning strips the Rails; the rowing Crew
To tempt a Fare, cloath all their Tilts in Blue:
On Hosier's Poles depending Stockings ty'd,
Flag with the slacken'd Gale, from side to side;
Church-Monuments foretell the changing Air;
Then *Niobe* dissolves into a Tear,
And sweats with secret Grief; you'll hear the Sounds
Of whistling Winds, e'er Kennels break their Bounds;
Ungrateful Odours Common-shores diffuse;
And dropping Vaults distil unwholesom Dews,
E'er the Tiles rattle with the smoaking Show'r,
And Spouts on heedless Men their Torrents pour.

All Superstition from thy Breast repel.
Let cred'lous Boys, and prattling Nurses tell,
How, if the Festival of *Paul* be clear,
Plenty from lib'ral Horn shall strow the Year;
When the dark Skies dissolve in Snows or Rain,
The lab'ring Hind shall yoke the Steer in vain;
But if the threatning Winds in Tempests roar,
Then War shall bathe her wasteful Sword in Gore.
How, if on *Swithin*'s Feast the Welkin lours,
And ev'ry Penthouse streams with hasty Show'rs,
Twice twenty Days shall Clouds their Fleeces drain,
And wash the Pavements with incessant Rain.
Let not such vulgar Tales debase thy Mind;
Nor *Paul* nor *Swithin* rule the Clouds and Wind.

If you the Precepts of the Muse despise,
And slight the faithful Warnings of the Skies,
Others you'll see, when all the Town's afloat,

Wrapt in th' Embraces of a *Kersey* Coat,
Or double-button'd Freize; their guarded Feet
Defie the muddy Dangers of the Street,
While you, with Hat unloop'd, the Fury dread
Of Spouts high-streaming, and with cautious Tread
Shun ev'ry dashing Pool; or idly stop,
To seek the kind Protection of a Shop.
But Bus'ness summons; Now with hasty Scud
You jostle for the Wall; the spatter'd Mud
Hides all thy Hose behind; in vain you scow'r,
Thy Wig alas! uncurl'd, admits the Show'r.
So fierce *Alecto*'s snaky Tresses fell,
When *Orpheus* charm'd the rig'rous Pow'rs of Hell.
Or thus hung *Glaucus*' Beard, with briny Dew
Clotted and strait, when first his am'rous View
Surpris'd the bathing Fair; the frighted Maid
Now stands a Rock, transform'd by *Circe*'s Aid.

Good Huswives all the Winter's Rage despise,
Defended by the Riding-hood's Disguise;
Or underneath th' *Umbrella*'s oily Shed,
Safe thro' the Wet on clinking Pattens tread.
Let *Persian* Dames th' *Umbrella's* Ribs display,
To guard their Beauties from the sunny Ray;
Or sweating Slaves support the shady Load,
When Eastern Monarchs shew their State abroad;
Britain in Winter only knows its Aid,
To guard from chilly Show'rs the walking Maid.
But, O! forget not, Muse, the *Patten's* Praise,
That female Implement shall grace thy Lays;

CHARING CROSS, WITH SEDAN CHAIR STAND, 1707

Say from what Art Divine th' Invention came,
And from its Origine deduce the Name.

Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny Soil,
A goodly Yeoman liv'd grown white with Toil;
One only Daughter blest his nuptial Bed,
Who from her infant Hand the Poultry fed:
Martha (her careful Mother's Name) she bore,
But now her careful Mother was no more.
Whilst on her Father's Knee the Damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling Maid;
As Years increas'd, her ruddy Beauty grew,
And *Patty*'s Fame o'er all the Village flew.

Soon as the blushing Morning warms the Skies,
And in the doubtful Day the Woodcock flies,
Her cleanly Pail the pretty Huswife bears,
And singing to the distant Field repairs:
And when the Plains with ev'ning Dews are spread,
The milky Burthen smoaks upon her Head.
Deep, thro' a miry Lane she pick'd her Way,
Above her Ankle rose the chalky Clay.

Vulcan, by chance the bloomy Maiden spies,
With Innocence and Beauty in her Eyes,
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet Innocence and Beauty meet in One.
Ah *Mulciber!* recall thy nuptial Vows,
Think on the Graces of thy *Paphian* Spouse,
Think how her Eyes dart inexhausted Charms,
And canst thou leave her Bed for *Patty*'s Arms?

The *Lemnian* Pow'r forsakes the Realms above,
His Bosom glowing with terrestrial Love:
Far in the Lane, a lonely Hut he found,
No Tenant ventur'd on th' unwholesome Ground.
Here smoaks his Forge, he bares his sinewy Arm,
And early Strokes the sounding Anvil warm;
Around his Shop the steely Sparkles flew,
As for the Steed he shap'd the bending Shoe.

When blue-ey'd *Patty* near his Window came,
His Anvil rests, his Forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing Tales, she feigns Delays;
What Woman can resist the Force of Praise?

At first she coyly ev'ry Kiss withstood,
And all her Cheek was flush'd with modest Blood:
With headless Nails he now surrounds her Shoes,
To save her Steps from Rains and piercing Dews;
She lik'd his soothing Tales, his Presents wore,
And granted Kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet Winter chill'd her Feet, with Cold she pines,
And on her Cheek the fading Rose declines;
No more her humid Eyes their Lustre boast,
And in hoarse Sounds her melting Voice is lost.

This *Vulcan* saw, and in his heav'nly Thought,
A new Machine Mechanick Fancy wrought,
Above the Mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the Wintry Ways.
Strait the new Engine on his Anvil glows,
And the pale Virgin on the Patten rose.

No more her Lungs are shook with dropping Rheums,
And on her Cheek reviving Beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his Suit, though Flatt'ry fail,
Presents with Female Virtue must prevail.
The Patten now supports each frugal Dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the Name.

DRUMMERS AT A WEDDING

HOGARTH

TRIVIA

BOOK II

Of Walking the Streets by Day.

THUS far the Muse has trac'd in useful Lays,
The proper Implements for Wintry Ways;
Has taught the Walker, with judicious Eyes,
To read the various Warnings of the Skies.
Now venture, Muse, from Home to range the Town,
And for the publick Safety risque thy own.

For Ease and for Dispatch, the Morning's best:
No Tides of Passengers the Street molest.
You'll see a draggl'd Damsel, here and there,
From *Billingsgate* her fishy Traffick bear;
On Doors the sallow Milk-maid chalks her Gains;
Ah! how unlike the Milk-maid of the Plains!
Before proud Gates attending Asses bray,
Or arrogate with solemn Pace the Way;
These grave Physicians with their milky Chear,
The Love-sick Maid, and dwindling Beau repair;
Here Rows of Drummers stand in martial File,
And with their Vellom-Thunder shake the Pile,
To greet the new-made Bride. Are Sounds like these,

The proper Prelude to a State of Peace?
Now Industry awakes her busy Sons,
Full charg'd with News the breathless Hawker runs:
Shops open, Coaches roll, Carts shake the Ground,
And all the Streets with passing Cries resound.

If cloath'd in Black, you tread the busy Town,
Or if distinguish'd by the rev'rend Gown,
Three Trades avoid; oft' in the mingling Press,
The *Barber*'s Apron soils the sable Dress;
Shun the *Perfumer*'s Touch with cautious Eye,
Nor let the *Baker*'s Step advance too nigh:
Ye Walkers too that youthful Colours wear,
Three sullying Trades avoid with equal Care;
The little *Chimney-sweeper* skulks along,
And marks with sooty Stains the heedless Throng;
When *Small-coal* murmurs in the hoarser Throat,
From smutty Dangers guard thy threaten'd Coat:
The *Dust-man*'s Cart offends thy Cloaths and Eyes,
When through the Street a Cloud of Ashes flies;
But whether Black, or lighter Dyes are worn,
The *Chandler*'s Basket, on his Shoulder born,
With Tallow spots thy Coat; resign the Way,
To shun the surly *Butcher*'s greasy Tray,
Butchers, whose Hands are dy'd with Blood's foul Stain,
And always foremost in the Hangman's Train.

Let due Civilities be strictly paid.
The Wall surrender to the hooded Maid;
Nor let thy sturdy Elbow's hasty Rage

Jostle the feeble Steps of trembling Age:
And when the Porter bends beneath his Load,
And pants for Breath; clear thou the crouded Road.
But above all, the groaping Blind direct,
And from the pressing Throng the Lame protect.
You'll sometimes meet a Fop, of nicest Tread,
Whose mantling Peruke veils his empty Head,
At ev'ry Step he dreads the Wall to lose,
And risques, to save a Coach, his red-heel'd Shoes;
Him, like the *Miller*, pass with Caution by,
Lest from his Shoulder Clouds of Powder fly.
But when the Bully, with assuming Pace,
Cocks his broad Hat, edg'd round with tarnish'd Lace,
Yield not the Way; defie his strutting Pride,
And thrust him to the muddy Kennel's side;
He never turns again, nor dares oppose,
But mutters coward Curses as he goes.

If drawn by Bus'ness to a Street unknown,
Let the sworn Porter point thee through the Town;
Be sure observe the Signs, for Signs remain,
Like faithful Land-marks to the walking Train.
Seek not from Prentices to learn the Way,
Those fabling Boys will turn thy Steps astray;
Ask the grave Tradesman to direct thee right,
He ne'er deceives, but when he profits by't.

Where fam'd Saint *Giles*'s ancient Limits spread,
An inrail'd Column rears its lofty Head,
Here to sev'n Streets, sev'n Dials count the Day,
And from each other catch the circling Ray.

Here oft the Peasant, with enquiring Face,
Bewilder'd, trudges on from Place to Place;
He dwells on ev'ry Sign, with stupid Gaze,
Enters the narrow Alley's doubtful Maze,
Trys ev'ry winding Court and Street in vain,
And doubles o'er his weary Steps again.
Thus hardy *Theseus*, with intrepid Feet,
Travers'd the dang'rous Labyrinth of *Crete*;
But still the wandring Passes forc'd his Stay,
Till *Ariadne*'s Clue unwinds the Way.
But do not thou, like that bold Chief, confide
Thy ventrous Footsteps to a female Guide;
She'll lead thee, with delusive Smiles along,
Dive in thy Fob, and drop thee in the Throng.

When waggish Boys the stunted Beesom ply,
To rid the slabby Pavement; pass not by
E'er thou hast held their Hands; some heedless Flirt
Will over-spread thy Calves with spatt'ring Dirt.
Where Porters Hogsheads roll from Carts aslope,
Or Brewers down steep Cellars stretch the Rope,
Where counted Billets are by Carmen tost;
Stay thy rash Steps, and walk without the Post.

Where elevated o'er the gaping Croud,
Clasp'd in the Board the perjur'd Head is bow'd,
Betimes retreat; here, thick as Hail-stones pour,
Turnips, and half-hatch'd Eggs, (a mingled Show'r)
Among the Rabble rain: Some random Throw
May with the trickling Yolk thy Cheek o'erflow.

CHEAPSIDE, 1720

Though Expedition bids, yet never stray
Where no rang'd Posts defend the rugged Way.
Here laden Carts with thundring Waggons meet,
Wheels clash with Wheels, and bar the narrow Street;
The lashing Whip resounds, the Horses strain,
And Blood in Anguish bursts the swelling Vein.
O barb'rous Men, your cruel Breasts asswage,
Why vent ye on the gen'rous Steed your Rage?
Does not his Service earn your daily Bread?
Your Wives, your Children, by his Labours fed!
If, as the *Samian* taught, the Soul revives,
And shifting Seats, in other Bodies lives;
Severe shall be the brutal Coachman's Change,
Doom'd, in a *Hackney* Horse, the Town to range:
Carmen, transform'd, the groaning Load shall draw,
Whom other Tyrants, with the Lash, shall awe.

Who would of *Watling-street* the Dangers share,
When the broad Pavement of *Cheap-side* is near?
Or who * that rugged Street would traverse o'er,
That stretches, O *Fleet-ditch*, from thy black Shore
To the *Tow'rs* moated Walls? Here Steams ascend
That, in mix'd Fumes, the wrinkled Nose offend.
Where Chandlers Cauldrons boil; where fishy Prey
Hide the wet Stall, long absent from the Sea;
And where the Cleaver chops the Heifer's Spoil,
And where huge Hogsheads sweat with trainy Oil,
Thy breathing Nostril hold; but how shall I
Pass, where in Piles † *Cornavian* Cheeses lye;

* Thames-street.
† Cheshire *anciently so called.*

Cheese, that the Table's closing Rites denies,
And bids me with th' unwilling Chaplain rise.

O bear me to the Paths of fair *Pell-mell*,
Safe are thy Pavements, grateful is thy Smell!
At distance, rolls along the gilded Coach,
Nor sturdy Carmen on thy Walks encroach;
No Lets would bar thy Ways, were Chairs deny'd,
The soft Supports of Laziness and Pride;
Shops breathe Perfumes, thro' Sashes Ribbons glow,
The mutual Arms of Ladies, and the Beau.
Yet still ev'n Here, when Rains the Passage hide,
Oft' the loose Stone spirts up a muddy Tide
Beneath thy careless Foot; and from on high,
Where Masons mount the Ladder, Fragments fly;
Mortar, and crumbled Lime in Show'rs descend,
And o'er thy Head destructive Tiles impend.

But sometimes let me leave the noisie Roads,
And silent wander in the close Abodes
Where Wheels ne'er shake the Ground; there pensive stray,
In studious Thought, the long uncrouded Way.
Here I remark each Walker's diff'rent Face,
And in their Look their various Bus'ness trace.
The Broker here his spacious Beaver wears,
Upon his Brow sit Jealousies and Cares;
Bent on some Mortgage, to avoid Reproach,
He seeks bye Streets, and saves th' expensive Coach.
Soft, at low Doors, old Letchers tap their Cane,
For fair Recluse, that travels *Drury-lane*

Here roams uncomb'd, the lavish Rake, to shun
His *Fleet-street* Draper's everlasting Dun.

Careful Observers, studious of the Town,
Shun the Misfortunes that disgrace the Clown.
Untempted, they contemn the Jugler's Feats,
Pass by the *Meuse*, nor try the * Thimble's Cheats.
When Drays bound high, they never cross behind,
Where bubbling Yest is blown by Gusts of Wind:
And when up *Ludgate-hill* huge Carts move slow,
Far from the straining Steeds, securely go,
Whose dashing Hoofs, behind them, fling the Mire,
And mark, with muddy Blots, the gazing 'Squire.
The *Parthian* thus his Jav'lin backward throws,
And as he flies, infests pursuing Foes.

The thoughtless Wits shall frequent Forfeits pay,
Who 'gainst the Centry's Box discharge their Tea.
Do thou some Court, or secret Corner seek,
Nor flush with Shame the passing Virgin's Cheek.

Yet let me not descend to trivial Song,
Not vulgar Circumstance my Verse prolong;
Why should I teach the Maid when Torrents pour,
Her Head to shelter from the sudden Show'r?
Nature will best her ready Hand inform,
With her spread Petticoat to fence the Storm.
Does not each Walker know the warning Sign,
When Wisps of Straw depend upon the Twine

* *A Cheat, commonly practic'd in the Streets, with three Thimbles and a little Ball.*

Cross the close Street; that then the Pavior's Art
Renews the Ways, deny'd to Coach and Cart?
Who knows not, that the Coachman lashing by,
Oft', with his Flourish, cuts the heedless Eye;
And when he takes his Stand, to wait a Fare,
His Horses Foreheads shun the Winter's Air?
Nor will I roam, when Summer's sultry Rays
Parch the dry Ground, and spread with Dust the Ways;
With whirling Gusts, the rapid Atoms rise,
Smoak o'er the Pavement, and involve the Skies.

Winter my Theme confines; whose nitry Wind
Shall crust the slabby Mire, and Kennels bind;
She bids the Snow descend in flaky Sheets,
And in her hoary Mantle cloath the Streets.
Let not the Virgin tread these slipp'ry Roads,
The gath'ring Fleece the hollow Patten loads;
But if thy Footsteps slide with clotted Frost,
Strike off the breaking Balls against the Post.
On silent Wheel the passing Coaches roll;
Oft' look behind and ward the threatning Pole.
In harden'd Orbs the School-boy moulds the Snow,
To mark the Coachman with a dextrous Throw.
Why do ye, Boys, the Kennel's Surface spread,
To tempt with faithless Pass the Matron's Tread?
How can ye Laugh, to see the Damsel spurn,
Sink in your Frauds and her green Stocking mourn?
At *White*'s, the harness'd Chairman idly stands,
And swings, around his Waste, his tingling Hands:
The Sempstress speeds to *'Change* with red-tipt Nose;

MORNING SCENE AT COVENT GARDEN
HOGARTH

The *Belgian* Stove beneath her Footstool glows,
In half-whipt Muslin Needles useless lye,
And Shuttle-cocks across the Counter fly.
These Sports warm harmless; why then will ye prove,
Deluded Maids, the dang'rous Flame of Love?

Where *Covent-garden*'s famous Temple stands,
That boasts the Work of *Jones*' immortal Hands;
Columns, with plain Magnificence, appear,
And graceful Porches lead around the Square:
Here oft' my Course I bend, when lo! from far,
I spy the Furies of the Foot-ball War:
The 'Prentice quits his Shop, to join the Crew,
Encreasing Crouds the flying Game pursue.
Thus, as you roll the Ball o'er snowy Ground,
The gath'ring Globe augments with ev'ry Round;
But whither shall I run? the Throng draws nigh,
The Ball now Skims the Street, now soars on high;
The dext'rous Glazier strong returns the Bound,
And gingling Sashes on the Pent-house sound.

O roving Muse, recal that wond'rous Year,
When Winter reign'd in bleak *Britannia*'s Air;
When hoary *Thames*, with frosted Oziers crown'd,
Was three long Moons in icy Fetters bound.
The Waterman, forlorn along the Shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless Oar,
Sees harness'd Steeds desert the stony Town;
And wander Roads unstable, not their own:
Wheels o'er the harden'd Waters smoothly glide,
And rase with whiten'd Tracks the slipp'ry Tide.

Here the fat Cook piles high the blazing Fire,
And scarce the Spit can turn the Steer entire.
Booths sudden hide the *Thames*, long Streets appear,
And num'rous Games proclaim the crouded Fair.
So when a Gen'ral bids the martial Train
Spread their Encampment o'er the spatious Plain;
Thick-rising Tents a Canvas City build,
And the loud Dice resound thro' all the Field.
'Twas here the Matron found a doleful Fate:
In Elegiac Lay the Woe relate,
Soft, as the Breath of distant Flutes, at Hours,
When silent Ev'ning closes up the Flow'rs;
Lulling, as falling Water's hollow noise;
Indulging Grief, like *Philomela*'s Voice.

Doll ev'ry Day had walk'd these treach'rous Roads;
Her Neck grew warpt beneath autumnal Loads
Of various Fruit; she now a Basket bore,
That Head, alas! shall Basket bear no more.
Each Booth she frequent past, in quest of Gain,
And Boys with pleasure heard her shrilling Strain.
Ah *Doll!* all Mortals must resign their Breath,
And Industry it self submit to Death!
The cracking Crystal yields, she sinks, she dyes,
Her Head, chopt off, from her lost Shoulders flies:
Pippins she cry'd, but Death her Voice confounds,
And Pip-Pip-Pip along the Ice resounds.
So when the *Thracian* Furies *Orpheus* tore,
And left his bleeding Trunk deform'd with Gore,
His sever'd Head floats down the silver Tide,

CRIES OF LONDON:
FOUR FOR SIX PENCE MACKRELL

His yet warm Tongue for his lost Consort cry'd;
Eurydice, with quiv'ring Voice, he mourn'd,
And *Heber*'s Banks *Eurydice* return'd.

But now the western Gale the Flood unbinds,
And black'ning Clouds roll on with warmer Winds,
The wooden Town its frail Foundation leaves,
And *Thames*' full Urn rolls down his plenteous Waves:
From ev'ry Penthouse streams the fleeting Snow,
And with dissolving Frost the Pavements flow.

Experienc'd Men, inur'd to City Ways,
Need not the *Calendar* to count their Days.
When through the Town, with slow and solemn Air,
Led by the Nostril, walks the muzled Bear;
Behind him moves majestically dull,
The Pride of *Hockley-hole*, the surly Bull;
Learn hence the Periods of the Week to name,
Mondays and *Thursdays* are the Days of Game.

When fishy Stalls with double Store are laid;
The golden-belly'd Carp, the broad-finn'd Maid,
Red-speckled Trouts, the Salmon's silver Joul,
The jointed Lobster, and unscaly Soale,
And luscious 'Scallops, to allure the Tastes
Of rigid Zealots to delicious Fasts;
Wednesdays and *Fridays* you'll observe from hence,
Days, when our Sires were doom'd to Abstinence.

When dirty Waters from Balconies drop,

And dextrous Damsels twirle the sprinkling Mop,
And cleanse the spatter'd Sash, and scrub the Stairs;
Know *Saturday*'s conclusive Morn appears.

Successive Crys the Season's Change declare,
And mark the Monthly Progress of the Year.
Hark, how the Streets with treble Voices ring,
To sell the bounteous Product of the Spring!
Sweet-smelling Flow'rs, and Elders early Bud,
With Nettle's tender Shoots, to cleanse the Blood:
And when *June*'s Thunder cools the sultry Skies,
Ev'n *Sundays* are prophan'd by Mackrell Cries.

Wallnuts the *Fruit'rer*'s Hand, in Autumn, stain,
Blue Plumbs, and juicy Pears augment his Gain;
Next Oranges the longing Boys entice,
To trust their Copper-Fortunes to the Dice.

When Rosemary, and Bays, the Poet's Crown,
Are bawl'd, in frequent Cries, through all the Town,
Then judge the Festival of *Christmas* near,
Christmas, the joyous Period of the Year.
Now with bright Holly all your Temples strow,
With Laurel green, and sacred Misletoe.
Now, Heav'n-born *Charity*, thy Blessings shed;
Bid meagre Want uprear her sickly Head:
Bid shiv'ring Limbs be warm; let Plenty's Bowle,
In humble Roofs, make glad the needy Soul.
See, see, the Heav'n-born Maid her Blessings shed.
Lo! meagre Want uprears her sickly Head;

CRIES OF LONDON:
ANY BAKEING PEARES

Cloath'd are the Naked, and the Needy glad,
While selfish Avarice alone is sad.

Proud Coaches pass, regardless of the Moan,
Of Infant Orphans, and the Widow's Groan;
While Charity still moves the Walker's Mind,
His lib'ral Purse relieves the Lame and Blind.
Judiciously thy Half-pence are bestow'd,
Where the laborious Beggar sweeps the Road.
Whate'er you give, give ever at Demand,
Nor let Old-Age long stretch his palsy'd Hand.
Those who give late, are importun'd each Day,
And still are teaz'd, because they still delay.
If e'er the Miser durst his Farthings spare,
He thinly spreads them through the publick Square,
Where, all beside the Rail, rang'd Beggars lie,
And from each other catch the doleful Cry;
With Heav'n, for Two-pence, cheaply wipes his Score,
Lifts up his Eyes, and hasts to beggar more.

Where the brass Knocker, wrapt in Flannel Band,
Forbids the Thunder of the Footman's Hand;
Th' Upholder, rueful Harbinger of Death
Waits, with Impatience, for the dying Breath;
As Vultures, o'er a Camp, with hov'ring Flight,
Snuff up the future Carnage of the Fight.
Here canst thou pass, unmindful of a Pray'r,
That Heav'n in Mercy may thy Brother spare?

Come, *F**** sincere, experienc'd Friend,

Thy Briefs, thy Deeds, and ev'n thy Fees suspend;
Come, let us leave the *Temple*'s silent Walls,
Me Bus'ness to my distant Lodging calls:
Through the long *Strand* together let us stray,
With thee conversing, I forget the Way.
Behold that narrow Street, which steep descends,
Whose Building to the slimy Shore extends;
Here *Arundell*'s fam'd Structure rear'd its Frame,
The Street alone retains an empty Name:
Where *Titian*'s glowing Paint the Canvas warm'd,
And *Raphael*'s fair Design, with Judgment, charm'd,
Now hangs the Bell-man's Song, and pasted here,
The colour'd Prints of *Overton* appear.
Where Statues breath'd, the Work of *Phidias*' Hands,
A wooden Pump, or lonely Watch-house stands.
There *Essex* stately Pile adorn'd the Shore,
There *Cecil*'s, *Bedford*'s, *Villier*'s, now no more.
Yet *Burlington*'s fair Palace still remains;
Beauty within, without Proportion reigns.
Beneath his Eye declining Art revives,
The Wall with animated Picture lives;
There *Hendel* strikes the Strings, the melting Strain
Transports the Soul, and thrills through ev'ry Vein;
There oft' I enter (but with cleaner Shoes)
For *Burlington*'s belov'd by ev'ry Muse.

O ye associate Walkers, O my Friends,
Upon your State what Happiness attends!
What, though no Coach to frequent Visit rolls,
Nor for your Shilling Chairmen sling their Poles;
Yet still your Nerves rheumatic Pains defye,

BURLINGTON HOUSE in PICKADILLY.

Nor lazy Jaundice dulls your Saffron Eye;
No wasting Cough discharges Sounds of Death,
Nor wheezing Asthma heaves in vain for Breath;
Nor from your restless Couch is heard the Groan
Of burning Gout, or sedentary Stone.
Let others in the jolting Coach confide,
Or in the leaky Boat the *Thames* divide;
Or, box'd within the Chair, contemn the Street,
And trust their Safety to another's Feet,
Still let me walk; for oft' the sudden Gale
Ruffles the Tide, and shifts the dang'rous Sail.
Then shall the Passenger, too late, deplore
The whelming Billow, and the faithless Oar;
The drunken Chairman in the Kennel spurns,
The Glasses shatters, and his Charge o'erturns.
Who can recount the Coach's various Harms;
The Legs disjointed, and the broken Arms?

I've seen a Beau, in some ill-fated Hour,
When o'er the Stones choak'd Kennels swell the Show'r,
In gilded Chariot loll; he with Disdain,
Views spatter'd Passengers, all drench'd in Rain;
With Mud fill'd high, the rumbling Cart draws near,
Now rule thy prancing Steeds, lac'd Charioteer!
The *Dustman* lashes on with spiteful Rage,
His pond'rous Spokes thy painted Wheel engage,
Crush'd is thy Pride, down falls the shrieking Beau,
The slabby Pavement crystal Fragments strow,
Black Floods of Mire th' embroider'd Coat disgrace,
And Mud enwraps the Honours of his Face.

So when dread *Jove*, the Son of *Phœbus* hurl'd,
Scarr'd with dark Thunder, to the nether World;
The headstrong Coursers tore the silver Reins,
And the Sun's beamy Ruin gilds the Plains.

If the pale Walker pants with weak'ning Ills,
His sickly Hand is stor'd with friendly Bills:
From hence, he learns the seventh-born Doctor's Fame,
From hence, he learns the cheapest Tailor's Name.

Shall the large Mutton smoak upon your Boards?
Such, *Newgate*'s copious Market best affords;
Would'st thou with mighty Beef augment thy Meal?
Seek *Leaden-hall*; Saint *James*'s sends thee Veal.
Thames-street gives Cheeses; *Covent-garden* Fruits;
Moor-fields old Books; and *Monmouth-street* old Suits.
Hence may'st thou well supply the Wants of Life,
Support thy Family, and cloath thy Wife.

Volumes, on shelter'd Stalls, expanded lye,
And various Science lures the learned Eye;
The bending Shelves with pond'rous Scholiasts groan,
And deep Divines to modern Shops unknown:
Here, like the Bee, that on industrious Wing,
Collects the various Odours of the Spring,
Walkers, at leisure, Learning's Flow'rs may spoil,
Nor watch the Wasting of the Midnight Oil,
May Morals snatch from *Plutarch*'s tatter'd Page,
A mildew'd *Bacon*, or *Stagyra*'s Sage.

PENT-HOUSE OR BULKHEAD SHOPS UNDER SIR JOHN CASS SCHOOL
IN ALDGATE, CORNER OF HOUNDSDITCH, 1710

Here saunt'ring 'Prentices o'er *Otway* weep,
O'er *Congreve* smile, or over *D*** sleep;
Pleas'd Sempstresses the *Lock's* fam'd *Rape* unfold,
And † *Squirts* read *Garth*, 'till *Apozems* grow cold.

O *Lintott*, let my Labours obvious lie,
Rang'd on thy Stall, for ev'ry curious Eye;
So shall the Poor these Precepts *gratis* know,
And to my Verse their future Safeties owe.

What Walker shall his mean Ambition fix,
On the false Lustre of a Coach and Six?
Let the vain Virgin, lur'd by glaring Show,
Sigh for the Liv'rys of th' embroider'd Beau.

See, yon' bright Chariot on its Harness swing,
With *Flanders* Mares, and on an arched Spring,
That Wretch, to gain an Equipage and Place,
Betray'd his Sister to a lewd Embrace.
This Coach, that with the blazon'd 'Scutcheon glows,
Vain of his unknown Race, the Coxcomb shows.
Here the brib'd Lawyer, sunk in Velvet, sleeps;
The starving Orphan, as he passes, weeps;
There flames a Fool, begirt with tinsilled Slaves,
Who wastes the Wealth of a whole Race of Knaves.
That other, with a clustring Train behind,
Owes his new Honours to a sordid Mind.
This next in Court Fidelity excells,

† *The Name of an* Apothecary *in the Poem of the* Dispensary.

The Publick rifles and his Country sells.
May the proud Chariot never be my Fate,
If purchas'd at so mean, so dear a Rate ;
O rather give me sweet Content on Foot,
Wrapt in my Vertue, and a good *Surtout!*

ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH, STRAND

TRIVIA

BOOK III

Of Walking the Streets by Night.

O *TRIVIA*, Goddess, leave these low Abodes,
And traverse o'er the wide Ethereal Roads,
Celestial Queen, put on thy Robes of Light,
Now *Cynthia* nam'd, fair Regent of the Night.
At Sight of thee, the Villain sheaths his Sword,
Nor scales the Wall, to steal the wealthy Hoard.
Oh! may thy Silver Lamp in Heav'n's high Bow'r
Direct my Footsteps in the Midnight Hour.

When Night first bids the twinkling Stars appear,
Or with her cloudy Vest inwraps the Air,
Then swarms the busie Street; with Caution tread,
Where the Shop-Windows falling threat thy Head;
Now Lab'rers home return, and join their Strength
To bear the tott'ring Plank, or Ladder's Length;
Still fix thy Eyes intent upon the Throng,
And as the Passes open, wind along.

Where the fair Columns of Saint *Clement* stand,
Whose straiten'd Bounds encroach upon the *Strand*;

Where the low Penthouse bows the Walker's Head,
And the rough Pavement wounds the yielding Tread;
Where not a Post protects the narrow Space,
And strung in Twines, Combs dangle in thy Face;
Summon at once thy Courage, rouze thy Care,
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.
Forth issuing from steep Lanes, the *Collier*'s Steeds
Drag the black Load; another Cart succeeds,
Team follows Team, Crouds heap'd on Crouds appear,
And wait impatient, 'till the Road grow clear.
Now all the Pavement sounds with trampling Feet,
And the mixt Hurry barricades the Street.
Entangled here, the Waggon's lengthen'd Team
Crack the tough Harness; Here a pond'rous Beam
Lies over-turn'd athwart; For Slaughter fed,
Here lowing Bullocks raise their horned Head.
Now Oaths grow loud, with Coaches Coaches jar,
And the smart Blow provokes the sturdy War;
From the high Box they whirl the Thong around,
And with the twining Lash their Shins resound:
Their Rage ferments, more dang'rous Wounds they try,
And the Blood gushes down their painful Eye.
And now on Foot the frowning Warriors light,
And with their pond'rous Fists renew the Fight;
Blow answers Blow, their Cheeks are 'smear'd with Blood,
'Till down they fall, and grappling roll in Mud.
So when two Boars, in wild * *Ytene* bred,

* New Forest *in* Hampshire, *anciently so call'd.*

Or on *Westphalia*'s fatt'ning Chest-nuts fed,
Gnash their sharp Tusks, and rous'd with equal Fire,
Dispute the Reign of some luxurious Mire;
In the black Flood they wallow o'er and o'er,
'Till their arm'd Jaws distill with Foam and Gore.

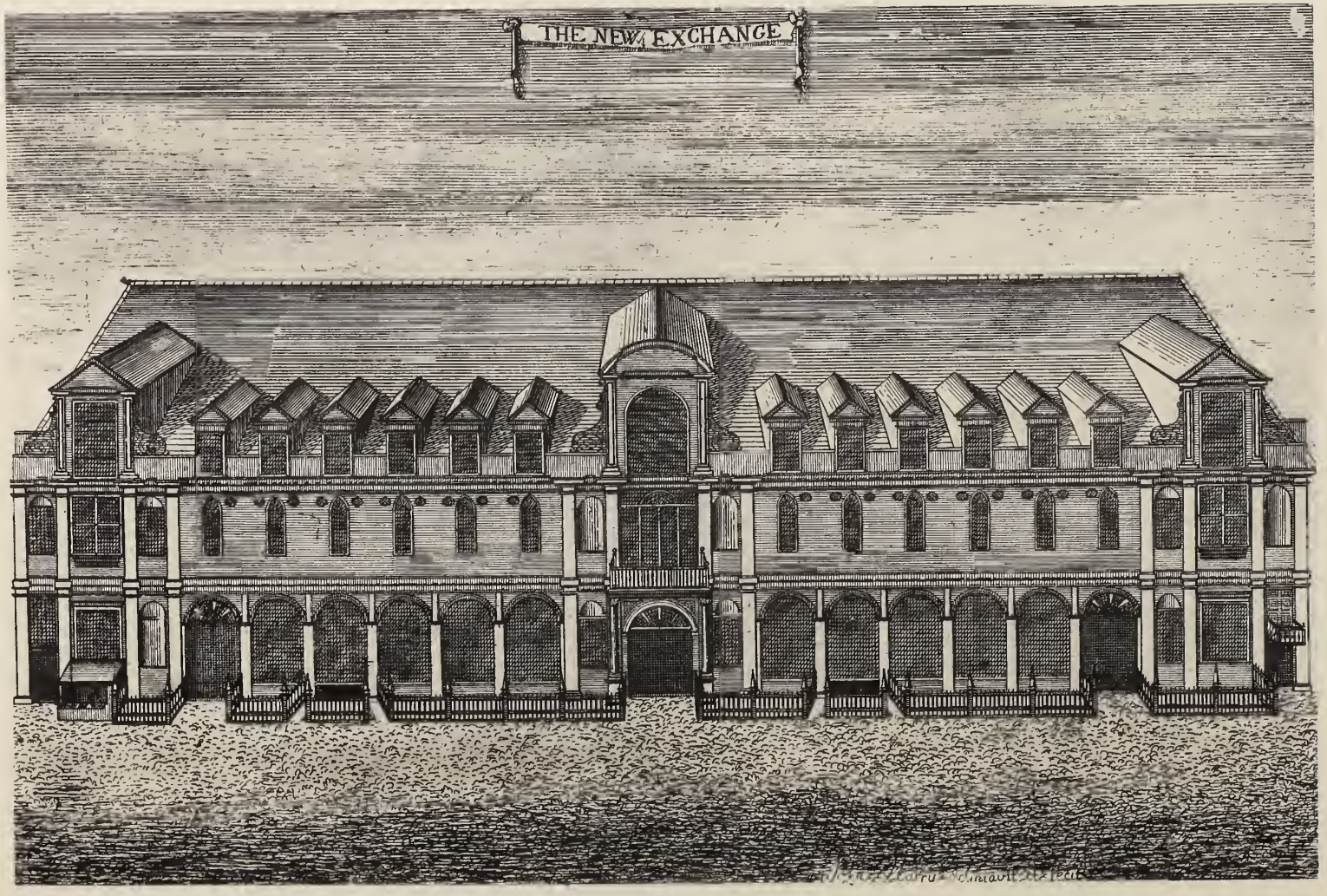
Where the Mob gathers, swiftly shoot along,
Nor idly mingle in the noisy Throng.
Lur'd by the Silver Hilt, amid the Swarm,
The subtil Artist will thy Side disarm.
Nor is thy Flaxen Wigg with Safety worn;
High on the Shoulder, in the Basket born,
Lurks the sly Boy; whose Hand to Rapine bred,
Plucks off the curling Honours of the Head.
Here dives the skulking Thief, with practis'd Slight,
And unfelt Fingers make thy Pocket light.
Where's now thy Watch, with all its Trinkets, flown?
And thy late Snuff-Box is no more thy own.
But lo! his bolder Thefts some Tradesman spies,
Swift from his Prey the scudding Lurcher flies;
Dext'rous he scapes the Coach, with nimble Bounds,
While ev'ry honest Tongue *Stop Thief* resounds.
So speeds the wily Fox, alarm'd by Fear,
Who lately filch'd the Turkey's callow Care;
Hounds following Hounds, grow louder as he flies,
And injur'd Tenants joyn the Hunter's Cries.
Breathless he stumbling falls: Ill-fated Boy!
Why did not honest Work thy Youth employ?
Seiz'd by rough Hands, he's dragg'd amid the Rout,
And stretch'd beneath the Pump's incessant Spout:

Or plung'd in miry Ponds, he gasping lies,
Mud choaks his Mouth, and plaisters o'er his Eyes.

Let not the Ballad-Singer's shrilling Strain
Amid the Swarm thy list'ning Ear detain:
Guard well thy Pocket; for these *Syrens* stand,
To aid the Labours of the diving Hand;
Confed'rate in the Cheat, they draw the Throng,
And *Cambrick* Handkerchiefs reward the Song.
But soon as Coach or Cart drives rattling on,
The Rabble part, in Shoals they backward run.
So *Jove*'s loud Bolts the mingled War divide,
And *Greece* and *Troy* retreats on either side.

If the rude Throng pour on with furious Pace,
And hap to break thee from a Friend's Embrace,
Stop short; nor struggle thro' the Croud in vain,
But watch with careful Eye the passing Train.
Yet I (perhaps too fond) if chance the Tide
Tumultuous, bears my Partner from my Side,
Impatient venture back; despising Harm,
I force my Passage where the thickest swarm.
Thus his lost Bride the *Trojan* sought in vain
Through Night, and Arms, and Flames, and Hills of Slain.
Thus *Nisus* wander'd o'er the pathless Grove,
To find the brave Companion of his Love,
The pathless Grove in vain he wanders o'er:
Euryalus alas! is now no more.

That Walker, who regardless of his Pace,



THE NEW EXCHANGE OR BRITAIN'S BOURSE IN THE STRAND, 1715

Turns oft' to pore upon the Damsel's Face,
From Side to Side by thrusting Elbows tost,
Shall strike his aking Breast against the Post;
Or Water, dash'd from fishy Stalls, shall stain
His hapless Coat with Spirts of scaly Rain.
But if unwarily he chance to stray,
Where twirling Turnstiles intercept the Way,
The thwarting Passenger shall force them round,
And beat the Wretch half breathless to the Ground.

Let constant Vigilance thy Footsteps guide,
And wary Circumspection guard thy Side;
Then shalt thou walk unharm'd the dang'rous Night,
Nor need th' officious Link-Boy's smoaky Light.
Thou never wilt attempt to cross the Road,
Where Alehouse Benches rest the Porter's Load,
Grievous to heedless Shins; No Barrow's Wheel,
That bruises oft' the Truant School-Boy's Heel,
Behind thee rolling, with insidious Pace,
Shall mark thy Stocking with a miry Trace.
Let not thy vent'rous Steps approach too nigh,
Where gaping wide, low steepy Cellars lie;
Should thy Shoe wrench aside, down, down you fall,
And overturn the scolding Huckster's Stall,
The scolding Huckster shall not o'er thee moan,
But Pence exact for Nuts and Pears o'erthrown.

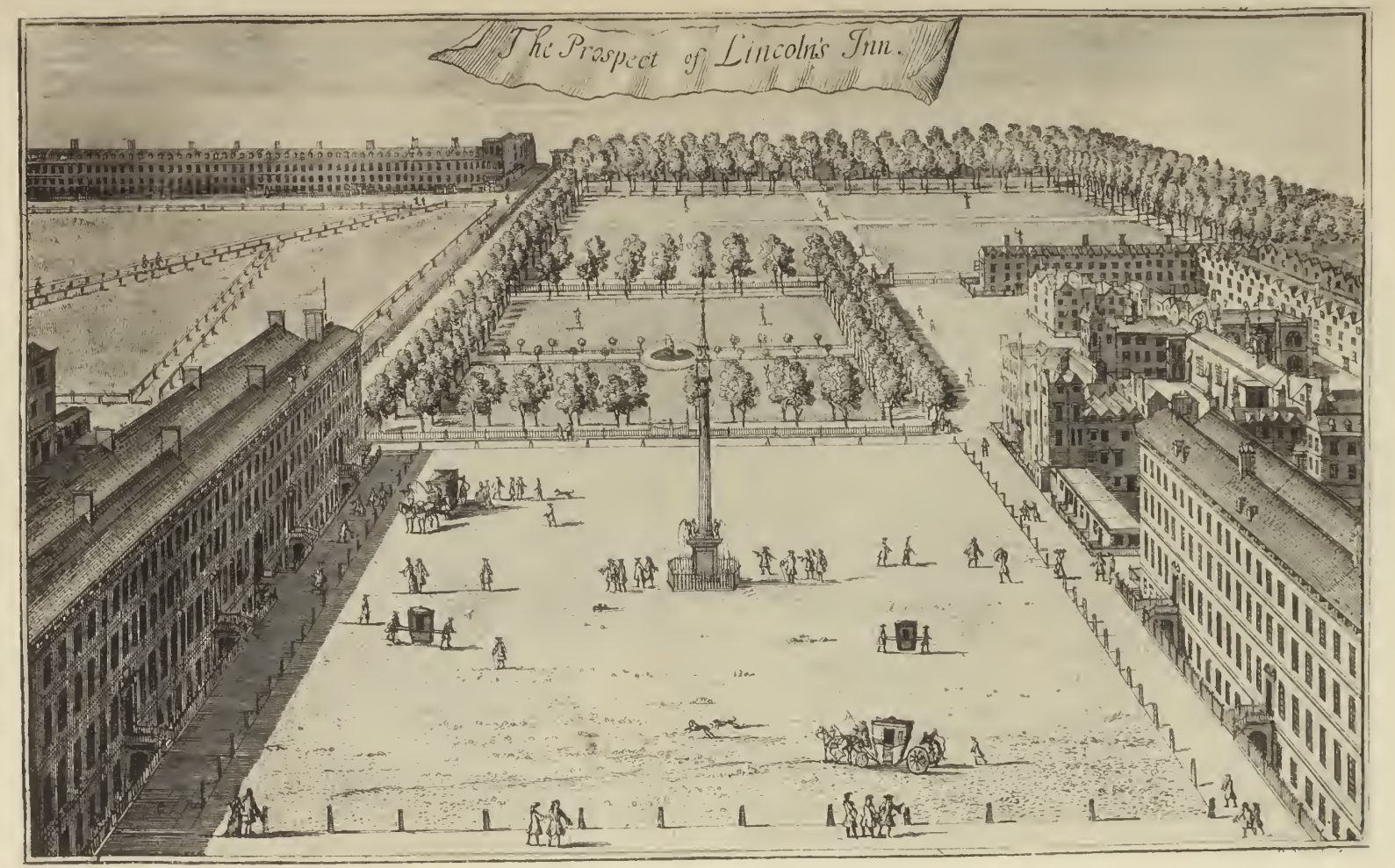
Though you through cleanlier Allies wind by Day,
To shun the Hurries of the publick Way,
Yet ne'er to those dark Paths by Night retire;
Mind only Safety, and contemn the Mire.

Then no impervious Courts thy Haste detain,
Nor sneering Ale-Wives bid thee turn again.

Where *Lincoln's-Inn*, wide Space, is rail'd around,
Cross not with vent'rous Step; there oft' is found
The lurking Thief, who while the Day-light shone,
Made the Walls eccho with his begging Tone:
That Crutch which late Compassion mov'd, shall wound
Thy bleeding Head, and fell thee to the Ground.
Though thou art tempted by the Link-man's Call,
Yet trust him not along the lonely Wall;
In the Mid-way he'll quench the flaming Brand,
And share the Booty with the pilf'ring Band.
Still keep the publick Streets, where oily Rays
Shot from the Crystal Lamp, o'erspread the Ways.

Happy *Augusta!* Law-defended Town!
Here no dark Lanthorns shade the Villain's Frown;
No *Spanish* Jealousies thy Lanes infest,
Nor *Roman* Vengeance stabs th' unwary Breast;
Here *Tyranny* ne'er lifts her purple Hand,
But Liberty and Justice guard the Land;
No *Bravos* here profess the bloody Trade,
Nor is the Church the Murd'rer's Refuge made.

Let not the Chairman, with assuming Stride,
Press near the Wall, and rudely thrust thy Side:
The Laws have set him Bounds; his servile Feet
Should ne'er encroach where Posts defend the Street.
Yet who the Footman's Arrogance can quell,



LINCOLN'S INN AND FIELDS, 1720

Whose Flambeau gilds the Sashes of *Pell-mell?*
When in long Rank a Train of Torches flame,
To light the Midnight Visits of the Dame?
Others, perhaps, by happier Guidance led,
May where the Chairman rests, with Safety tread;
Whene'er I pass, their Poles unseen below,
Make my Knee tremble with the jarring Blow.

If Wheels bar up the Road, where Streets are crost,
With gentle Words the Coachman's Ear accost:
He ne'er the Threat, or harsh Command obeys,
But with Contempt the spatter'd Shoe surveys.
Now man with utmost Fortitude thy Soul,
To cross the Way where Carts and Coaches roll;
Yet do not in thy hardy Skill confide,
Nor rashly risque the Kennel's spacious Stride;
Stay till afar the distant Wheel you hear,
Like dying Thunder in the breaking Air;
Thy Foot will slide upon the miry Stone,
And passing Coaches crush thy tortur'd Bone,
Or Wheels enclose the Road; on either Hand
Pent round with Perils, in the midst you stand,
And call for Aid in vain; the Coachman swears,
And Carmen drive, unmindful of thy Prayers.
Where wilt thou turn? ah! whither wilt thou fly?
On ev'ry side the pressing Spokes are nigh.
So Sailors, while *Charybdis'* Gulphs they shun,
Amaz'd, on *Scylla*'s craggy Dangers run.

Be sure observe where brown *Ostrea* stands,
Who boasts her shelly Ware from *Wallfleet* Sands;

There may'st thou pass, with safe unmiry Feet,
Where the rais'd Pavement leads athwart the Street.
If where *Fleet-Ditch* with muddy Current flows,
You chance to roam; where Oyster-Tubs in Rows
Are rang'd beside the Posts; there stay thy Haste,
And with the sav'ry Fish indulge thy Taste:
The Damsel's Knife the gaping Shell commands,
While the salt Liquor streams between her Hands.

The Man had sure a Palate cover'd o'er
With Brass or Steel, that on the rocky Shore
First broke the oozy Oyster's pearly Coat,
And risqu'd the living Morsel down his Throat.
What will not Lux'ry taste? Earth, Sea, and Air
Are daily ransack'd for the Bill of Fare.
Blood stuff'd in Skins is *British* Christian's Food,
And *France* robs Marshes of the croaking Brood;
Spungy *Morells* in strong *Ragousts* are found,
And in the *Soupe* the slimy Snail is drown'd.

When from high Spouts the dashing Torrents fall,
Ever be watchful to maintain the Wall;
For should'st thou quit thy Ground, the rushing Throng
Will with impetuous Fury drive along;
All press to gain those Honours thou hast lost,
And rudely shove thee far without the Post.
Then to retrieve the Shed you strive in vain,
Draggled all o'er, and soak'd in Floods of Rain.
Yet rather bear the Show'r, and Toils of Mud,
Than in the doubtful Quarrel risque thy Blood.

O think on *OEdipus*' detested State,
And by his Woes he warn'd to shun thy Fate.

Where three Roads join'd, he met his Sire unknown;
(Unhappy Sire, but more unhappy Son!)
Each claim'd the Way, their Swords the Strife decide,
The hoary Monarch fell, he groan'd and dy'd!
Hence sprung the fatal Plague that thinn'd thy Reign,
Thy cursed Incest! and thy Children slain!
Hence wert thou doom'd in endless Night to stray
Through *Theban* Streets, and cheerless groap thy Way.

Contemplate, Mortal, on thy fleeting Years;
See, with black Train the Funeral Pomp appears!
Whether some Heir attends in sable State,
And mourns with outward Grief a Parent's Fate;
Or the fair Virgin, nipt in Beauty's Bloom,
A Croud of Lovers follow to her Tomb.
Why is the Herse with 'Scutcheons blazon'd round,
And with the nodding Plume of Ostrich crown'd?
No: The Dead know it not, nor Profit gain;
It only serves to prove the Living vain.
How short is Life! how frail is human Trust!
Is all this Pomp for laying Dust to Dust?

Where the nail'd Hoop defends the painted Stall,
Brush not thy sweeping Skirt too near the Wall;
Thy heedless Sleeve will drink the colour'd Oil,
And Spot indelible thy Pocket soil.

Has not wise Nature strung the Legs and Feet
With firmest Nerves, design'd to walk the Street?
Has she not given us Hands, to groap aright,
Amidst the frequent Dangers of the Night?
And think'st thou not the double Nostril meant,
To warn from oily Woes by previous Scent?

Who can the various City Frauds recite,
With all the petty Rapines of the Night?
Who now the *Guinea-Dropper*'s Bait regards,
Trick'd by the Sharper's Dice, or Juggler's Cards?
Why shou'd I warn thee ne'er to join the Fray,
Where the Sham-Quarrel interrupts the Way?
Lives there in these our Days so soft a Clown,
Brav'd by the Bully's Oaths, or threat'ning Frown?
I need not strict enjoyn the Pocket's Care,
When from the crouded *Play* thou lead'st the Fair;
Who has not here, or Watch, or Snuff-Box lost,
Or Handkerchiefs that *India*'s Shuttle boast?

O! may thy Virtue guard thee through the Roads
Of *Drury*'s mazy Courts, and dark Abodes,
The Harlots' guileful Paths, who nightly stand,
Where *Katherine-street* descends into the *Strand.*
Say, vagrant Muse, their Wiles and subtil Arts,
To lure the Stranger's unsuspecting Hearts;
So shall our Youth on healthful Sinews tread,
And City Cheeks grow warm with rural Red.

'Tis She who nightly strowls with saunt'ring Pace,
No stubborn Stays her yielding Shape embrace;

WHERE KATERINE STREET DESCENDS INTO THE STRAND, 1703

Beneath the Lamp her tawdry Ribbons glare,
The new-scower'd Manteau, and the slattern Air;
High-draggled Petticoats her Travels show,
And hollow Cheeks with artful Blushes glow;
With flatt'ring Sounds she sooths the cred'lous Ear,
My noble Captain! Charmer! Love! my Dear!
In Riding-hood, near Tavern-Doors she plies,
Or muffled Pinners hide her livid Eyes.
With empty Bandbox she delights to range,
And feigns a distant Errand from the *Change*;
Nay, she will oft' the Quaker's Hood prophane,
And trudge demure the Rounds of *Drury-Lane*.
She darts from Sarsnet Ambush wily Leers,
Twitches thy Sleeve, or with familiar Airs,
Her Fan will pat thy Cheek; these Snares disdain,
Nor gaze behind thee, when she turns again.

I knew a Yeoman, who for thirst of Gain,
To the great City drove from *Devon's* Plain
His num'rous lowing Herd; his Herds he sold,
And his deep leathern Pocket bagg'd with Gold;
Drawn by a fraudful Nymph, he gaz'd, he sigh'd;
Unmindful of his Home, and distant Bride,
She leads the willing Victim to his Doom,
Through winding Alleys to her Cobweb Room.
Thence thro' the Street he reels, from Post to Post,
Valiant with Wine, nor knows his Treasure lost.
The vagrant Wretch th' assembled Watchmen spies,
He waves his Hanger, and their Poles defies;
Deep in the *Round-House* pent, all Night he snores,
And the next Morn in vain his Fate deplores.

Ah hapless Swain, unus'd to Pains and Ills!
Canst thou forgo Roast-Beef for nauseous Pills?
How wilt thou lift to Heav'n thy Eyes and Hands,
When the long Scroll the Surgeon's Fees demands!
Or else (ye Gods avert that worst Disgrace)
Thy ruin'd Nose falls level with thy Face,
Then shall thy Wife thy loathsome Kiss disdain,
And wholesome Neighbours from thy Mug refrain.

Yet there are Watchmen, who with friendly Light,
Will teach thy reeling Steps to tread aright;
For *Sixpence* will support thy helpless Arm,
And Home conduct thee, safe from nightly Harm;
But if they shake their Lanthorns, from afar,
To call their Breth'ren to confed'rate War,
When Rakes resist their Pow'r; if hapless you
Should chance to wander with the scow'ring Crew;
Though Fortune yield thee Captive, ne'er despair,
But seek the Constable's consid'rate Ear;
He will reverse the Watchman's harsh Decree,
Mov'd by the Rhet'rick of a Silver Fee.
Thus would you gain some fav'rite Courtier's Word;
Fee not the petty Clarks, but bribe my Lord.

Now is the Time that Rakes their Revells keep;
Kindlers of Riot, Enemies of Sleep.
His scatter'd Pence the flying **Nicker* flings,
And with the Copper Show'r the Casement rings.
Who has not heard the *Scowrer*'s Midnight Fame?
Who has not trembled at the *Mohock*'s Name?

* *Gentlemen, who delighted to break Windows with* Half-pence.

Was there a Watchman took his hourly Rounds,
Safe from their Blows, or new-invented Wounds?
I pass their desp'rate Deeds, and Mischiefs done,
Where from *Snow-hill* black steepy Torrents run;
How Matrons, hoop'd within the Hogshead's Womb,
Were tumbled furious thence, the rolling Tomb
O'er the Stones thunders, bounds from Side to Side.
So *Regulus* to save his Country dy'd.

Where a dim Gleam the paly Lanthorn throws
O'er the mid' Pavement; heapy Rubbish grows,
Or arched Vaults their gaping Jaws extend,
Or the dark Caves to Common-Shores descend.
Oft' by the Winds, extinct the Signal lies,
Or smother'd in the glimm'ring Socket dies,
E'er Night has half roll'd round her Ebon Throne;
In the wide Gulph the shatter'd Coach o'erthrown,
Sinks with the snorting Steeds; the Reins are broke,
And from the cracking Axle flies the Spoke.
So when fam'd *Eddystone's* far-shooting Ray,
That led the Sailor through the stormy Way,
Was from its rocky Roots by Billows torn,
And the high Turret in the Whirlewind born,
Fleets bulg'd their Sides against the craggy Land,
And pitchy Ruines blacken'd all the Strand.

Who then through Night would hire the harness'd Steed,
And who would chuse the rattling Wheel for Speed?

But hark! Distress with screaming Voice draws nigh'r,
And wakes the slumb'ring Street with Cries of Fire.
At first a glowing Red enwraps the Skies,
And born by Winds the scatt'ring Sparks arise;
From Beam to Beam, the fierce Contagion spreads;
The spiry Flames now lift aloft their Heads,
Through the burst Sash a blazing Deluge pours,
And splitting Tiles descend in rattling Show'rs.
Now with thick Crouds th' enlighten'd Pavement swarms,
The Fire-man sweats beneath his crooked Arms,
A leathern Casque his vent'rous Head defends,
Boldly he climbs where thickest Smoak ascends;
Mov'd by the Mother's streaming Eyes and Pray'rs,
The helpless Infant through the Flame he bears,
With no less Virtue, than through hostile Fire,
The *Dardan* Hero bore his aged Sire.
See forceful Engines spout their levell'd Streams,
To quench the Blaze that runs along the Beams;
The grappling Hook plucks Rafters from the Walls,
And Heaps on Heaps the smoaky Ruine falls.
Blown by strong Winds the fiery Tempest roars,
Bears down new Walls, and pours along the Floors:
The Heav'ns are all a-blaze, the Face of Night
Is cover'd with a sanguine dreadful Light;
'Twas such a Light involv'd thy Tow'rs, O *Rome*,
The dire Presage of mighty *Cæsar*'s Doom,
When the Sun veil'd in Rust his mourning Head,
And frightful Prodigies the Skies o'erspread.
Hark! the Drum thunders! far, ye Crouds, retire:

SOMERSET HOUSE IN THE STRAND IN GAY'S TIME

Behold! the ready Match is tipt with Fire,
The nitrous Store is laid, the smutty Train
With running Blaze awakes the barrell'd Grain;
Flames sudden wrap the Walls; with sullen Sound,
The shatter'd Pile sinks on the smoaky Ground.
So when the Years shall have revolv'd the Date,
Th' inevitable Hour of *Naples*' Fate,
Her sap'd Foundations shall with Thunders shake,
And heave and toss upon the sulph'rous Lake;
Earth's Womb at once the fiery Flood shall rend,
And in th' Abyss her plunging Tow'rs descend.

Consider, Reader, what Fatigues I've known,
The Toils, the Perils of the wintry Town;
What Riots seen, what bustling Crouds I bor'd,
How oft' I cross'd where Carts and Coaches roar'd;
Yet shall I bless my Labours, if Mankind
Their future Safety from my Dangers find.
Thus the bold Traveller, inur'd to Toil,
Whose Steps have printed *Asia*'s desert Soil,
The barb'rous *Arabs* Haunt; or shiv'ring crost
Dark *Greenland* Mountains of eternal Frost;
Whom Providence, in length of Years, restores
To the wish'd Harbour of his native Shores;
Sets forth his Journals to the publick View,
To caution, by his Woes, the wandring Crew.

And now compleat my gen'rous Labours lye,
Finish'd, and ripe for Immortality.
Death shall entomb in Dust this mould'ring Frame,
But never reach th' eternal Part, my Fame.

When *W* * and *G* **, mighty Names, are dead;
Or but at *Chelsea* under Custards read;
When Criticks crazy Bandboxes repair,
And Tragedies, turn'd Rockets, bounce in Air;
High-rais'd on *Fleetstreet* Posts, consign'd to Fame,
This Work shall shine, and Walkers bless my Name.

FINIS

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NOTES

The following abbreviations are used in the notes:

L.P.P. = *London Past and Present.*
N.E.D. = *New English Dictionary.*
D.N.B = *Dictionary of National Biography.*
S. = *Spectator.*
T. = *Tatler.*

Title-page

Title. The title *Trivia* is probably not intended to be the name of the goddess, but the plural of *trivium*, 'a place where three roads meet,' commonly used in Latin in the plural, with the meaning 'public streets,' as in Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 245, *innati triviis ac paene forenses*. So in the quotation at the end of the Advertisement.

Motto. *Quo te, Moeri, pedes?* 'Whither away on foot, Moeris? following the road to town?' The quotation, which is the first line of Virgil's ninth Eclogue, is very appropriate. Moeris is a *farmer*, coming to *town*, on *foot*.

Bernard Lintott. Barnaby Bernard Lintot (1675-1736) published poems for Pope, Gay, Farquhar, and others, including Pope's translation of Homer. *Cf.* Pope, *Dunciad*, II, 53 *seq.*

the Cross-Keys, in full 'the Cross Keys and Cushion.' Bernard Lintot advertised his address in 1707 as 'the Cross Keys and Cushion next Nando's Coffee House, Temple Bar.' The Cushion may be seen in the engraving on the title-page of the first edition. In the second edition it has been superseded by the engraving of a street scene. In a note on the *Dunciad*, II, 82, 'Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's arms,' Pope remarks, 'The Bible, Curl's sign; the Cross-Keys, Lintot's.'

the Temple Gates, *i.e.*, the gates leading from Fleet Street into the Temple. 'Moses Greenbag,' in Steele's paper (S. 498), was diverting himself with a pennyworth of walnuts 'at the Temple-Gate,' when he saw the *puer Automedon* take the reins from the hackney coachman.

Advertisement

Dr. Swift. Gay seems to have been indebted chiefly to Swift's *Description of the Morning*, written in April 1709, and first printed in *The Tatler*, and *Description of a City Shower*, in imitation of Virgil's *Georgics*, written in October 1710, and first printed in *The Tatler*.

Non tu, etc., from Virgil, *Eclogue* III, 26-7. 'Used you not, ignoramus as you are, to murder some wretched song on skirling pipe at the corners of the streets?' [The first edition has the misprint *Stidenti*, which is corrected in the second.]

BOOK I

Line 5. *Trivia*, epithet of Diana as worshipped where three ways met.

13. *Pavior*, may be seen at work in the frontispiece to the second edition.

15. *Kennels.* 'A *kennel*, in the sense of gutter, represents the Anglo-French *canel*; but the Old French form was *chanel*, which is our *channel*, and there is yet a third form, viz. *canal*, which is very close to the Latin *canalis*. The *kennel* for a dog is from Norman *ken*, the equivalent of French *chien*; the Late Latin *canīle* is explained as meaning "*domus canis*" in a glossary' (Skeat, *The Science of Etymology*, p. 8).

20. *Civic Crown.* The *corona ciuica* among the Romans was made of oak leaves, and was given for saving a citizen's life in battle. Gay means that *Trivia* will save his countrymen from the dangers of London. *Cf.* III, 397-8, 'Yet shall I bless my Labours, if Mankind | Their future Safety from my Dangers find.'

23. *Black Youth.* The anonymous author of *The Art of Living in London* (ed. 2, 1793), p. 9, speaks of 'some son of Fleet-street, or the Strand, | Some sooty son, with implements at hand, | Who hourly watches with no other view, | Than to re-polish the bespatter'd shoe.'

27. *the Mall.* 'The first Mall, originally a part of St. James's Park, was the street now called Pall Mall. It was so named from having been enclosed for playing the game of pall-mall, a game somewhat resembling the modern croquet, played with a wooden ball and mallets, the ball being struck through an iron ring or arch, "in long alleys made on purpose, which are surrounded by a paling." Charles II, for whom the Mall in the park was formed, was very fond of the game' (L.P.P.).

28. *Oyster Cries.* For a description of 'brown Ostrea' see Book III, 185-94. 'A great critic,' in a treatise against operas, 'has made a very elaborate digression upon the London cries, wherein he has shown from reason and philosophy why oysters are cried . . . with an accent and tone neither natural to man or beast' (T. 4). In Lauron-Tempest's *Cryes of the City of London* (1711) one of the engravings represents a man with a wheelbarrow of oysters, and the cry is 'Twelve Pence a Peck Oysters.'

30. *Spanish Hide.* Stubbes, *Anatomie of Abuses* (ed. Turnbull, p. 72), speaks of women's shoes as 'some of Spanishe leather, and some of Englishe.' Howell, *Familiar Letters* (ed. Jacobs, p. 87), 'they ruffle in Silks and Sattins, and wear good Spanish leather shoes.' *Cf.* Massinger, *The City Madam*, I, i, 97. Planché, *Cyclopaedia of Costume*, quotes from Malcolm, *Anecdotes of the Manners and Customs of London in the Eighteenth Century*, to the effect that Spanish leather shoes laced with gold were common about this time.

31. *wooden Heel.* In Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday*, III, iv, 35, Simon Eyre's wife asks Roger, the journeyman, to let her have 'a pair of shoes made, cork, good Roger, wooden heel too.' In a letter to *The Spectator* 'an old Fellow, extremely troubled with the Gout' writes: 'Having always a strong Vanity towards being pleasing in the Eyes of Women, I never have a Moment's Ease, but I am mounted in high-heel'd Shoes with a glased Wax-leather Instep' (S. 48). 'Jack Lightfoot' (*ib.* 332), escapes the Sweaters with the 'Dislocation of one of my Shoe-heels.'

32. '*scallop'd Top.* A Lawyer of the Middle Temple riding the Western Circuit describes (S. 129) the dress in the country as behind the London fashion

and scarcely changed since the time of Charles the Second, but meets to his surprise 'a Gentleman that had accoutered himself in a Night-Cap Wig, a Coat with long Pockets and slit Sleeves, and a pair of Shoes with high Scallop Tops,' who was resolved to 'live and die in the Mode.' 'Will Sprightly' (S. 319) claims to have 'struck a bold stroke' by introducing the 'Long Pocket' and the 'Frosted Button.' About the same time he produced 'the Scallop Flap, the Knotted Cravat, and made a fair Push for the Silver-clocked Stocking.'

35. *Should the big Laste*, etc., perhaps suggested by Horace's *calceus olim | si pede maior erit subuertet, si minor uret* (*Ep.* I, x, 42).

40. *shooting Corn.* Cf. *The Shepherd's Week* (*First Pastoral*, 27-8), 'He first that useful secret did explain, | That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.' Swift, *A City Shower* (T. 238), 'A coming shower your shooting corns presage.'

43. *Doily*, the name of a woollen stuff, 'at once cheap and genteel,' introduced for summer wear in the latter part of the seventeenth century (N.E.D.). Named from the maker Doily or Doyley, a linen-draper in the Strand. 'The famous *Doily* is still fresh in every one's Memory, who raised a Fortune by finding out Materials for such Stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel' (S. 283).

44. *Drugget*, formerly a kind of stuff, all of wool, or mixed of wool and silk or wool and linen, used for wearing apparel (N.E.D.).

fence, keep out, ward off, repel. Greene, *Shepherd's Ode* 66 (1592), 'a cloak of grey fenc'd the rain' (N.E.D.). *Cf.* Lat. *defendo.*

45. *Frieze*, a kind of coarse woollen cloth, with a nap, usually on one side only (N.E.D.). Tom Brown, *Comical View*, in the heading to his predictions for the week from October 16 to October 22, says, 'several of Her Majesties good Subjects have put on their Frieze Coats, expecting it should rain' (*Works*, I, 163). 'It being a very cold Day when he made his Will,' Sir Roger de Coverley 'left for Mourning, to every Man in the Parish, a great Frieze Coat' (S. 517).

46. *Camlet*, a name originally applied to some beautiful and costly eastern fabric, afterwards to imitations and substitutes, the nature of which has changed many times over (N.E.D.). According to Johnson, 'a kind of stuff originally made by a mixture of silk and camel's hair; it is now made with wool and silk.' When Swift went for a riding party with the Duke and Duchess of Shrewsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Masham, and Dr. Arbuthnot, he wore a coat of 'light camlet, faced with red velvet, and silver buttons' (*Journal to Stella*, 4 October 1711).

cockled, puckered, shrivelled. *Cf.* Skelton, *Why Come Ye*, 285, 'nat worth a cockly fose' [*i.e.*, fringe].

47. *Witney*, in Oxfordshire, long famous for the manufacture of blankets and rough coatings.

50. *Russia's Bear. Cf.* Pope, *Essay on Man*, III, 44, 'The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear.'

51. *Roquelaure*, a cloak reaching to the knee, worn by men during the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth. Named after the Duke of Roquelaure, 1656-1738 (N.E.D.).

53. *Bavaroy*, a kind of cloak or surtout. Probably from Fr. *bavarois*, Bavarian (N.E.D.).

57. (Footnote.) *Joseph*, a long cloak, worn chiefly by women in the eighteenth century when riding, and on other occasions; it was buttoned all the way down the front, and had a small cape (N.E.D.). In Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia* (II, i), when Sir William Belfond unexpectedly appears at the door, his elder son

exclaims, 'Ounds! Who's here? my Father! Lolpoop, Lolpoop, hide me: give me my Joseph.'

58. *Surtout*, an over-coat (Fr. *sur tout*). One of Will Sprightly's rivals was 'disingenuous enough' to steal his suggestion about 'the new-fashioned Surtout' (S. 319). The final *t* was sounded. See the last line of Book II, where it rhymes with *foot*.

59. *Kersey*, a kind of coarse narrow cloth, woven from long wool and usually ribbed. Possibly named from the village of Kersey in Suffolk (N.E.D.).

61. *Cane*. 'Irus came out thoroughly equipped from Head to Foot, with a little oaken Cane, in the form of a substantial Man that did not mind his Dress, turned of fifty' (S. 264).

62. *Chairmen, i.e.*, bearers of sedan chairs. 'The sedan chair was a conveyance that was getting into vogue in Anne's reign. Taking its name from the town of Sedan in France, it was first used in England in 1581, and in London in 1623. In 1711 an Act (9 Anne, c. 23) was passed licensing 200 public sedan chairs at ten shillings each yearly, and their fare was settled at 1*s.* a mile. Next year, another Act (10 Anne, c. 19) was passed, licensing 100 more, but keeping the fares unaltered' (Ashton, *Social Life*, II, 177).

the Wall command. Cf. Book III, 153, 'Let not the Chairman, with assuming Stride, | Press near the Wall, and rudely thrust thy Side.'

66. Lamp. 'Instead of Lanterns, they set up in the streets of *London* Lamps, which by means of a very thick Convex Glass throw out great Rays of Light, which illuminate the Path for people that go on Foot tolerably well. They begin to light up these Lamps at *Michaelmas*, and continue them till *Lady Day*; they burn from Six in the Evening till Midnight, and from every third Day after the Full Moon to the sixth Day after the New Moon'—Misson (quoted by Ashton, *Social Life*, II, 162). *Cf.* III, 144.

67. *Canes with Amber tipt.* Charles Lillie, the famous perfumer in the Strand, and chief agent for *The Spectator*, so often referred to in *The Tatler*, was celebrated for his canes. 'If this virtuoso excels in one thing more than another, it is in canes; he has spent his most select hours in the knowledge of them, and is arrived at that perfection, that he is able to hold forth upon canes longer than upon any one subject in the world. Indeed his canes are so finely clouded, and so well made up, either with gold or amber heads, that I am of the opinion it is impossible for a gentleman to walk, talk, sit, or stand, as he should do, without one of them' (T. 142). In spite of Bickerstaff's raillery, 'the amber-headed cane still maintains its unstable post' (T. 71). The beaux of the period used to hang the cane by a ribbon to the button of the waistcoat (T. 26). Sir Plume was justly vain of 'the nice conduct of a clouded cane' (Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, IV, 124). A dozen pairs of red-heeled shoes and an amber-headed cane are among the effects of a deceased beau (T. 113). In Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, IV, iii, Sergeant Kite gives an imaginary description of a 'tall slender gentleman . . . with a cane hanging upon his button.' The cane has 'an amber head with a black ribbon.'

69. *gilded Chariots.* In the *Dunciad* the dunces pour forth 'on horse, on foot, in hacks and gilded chariots' (II, 24). Antenor visits Amoret 'in a gilt Chariot and new Liveries' (S. 401).

72. *White's.* White's Chocolate House in St. James' Street, notorious as an aristocratic gaming house, was opened in 1693 by Francis White at a house on the site of the present Boodle's Club (38 St. James' Street). It was removed in

1697 to the site of the present Arthur's Club on the opposite side of the street. Swift calls it 'the common Rendezvous of infamous Sharpers and noble Cullies,' and Pope describes Colley Cibber as 'chaired at White's', teaching 'oaths to Gamesters and to Nobles Wit' (*Dunciad*, I, 203-4). It was burnt down in 1733, the beginning of the fire being depicted in Plate 6 of Hogarth's *Rake's Progress*. See Wheatley, *Hogarth's London*, 293-8, and *London Past and Present*, III, 491-6.

76. *beneath their Arm.* Bickerstaff licenses the bearer of a cane to pass through the streets of London 'provided that he does not walk with it under his arm' (T. 103). Tom Brown, *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (*Works*, II, 9), describes the cane of a beau that 'hung negligently down in a string from his Right Arm.'

78. *Cravat* (an application of the national name *Cravate* Croat, Croatian), 'came into vogue in France in the seventeenth century in imitation of the linen scarf worn round their necks by the Croatian mercenaries. When first introduced it was of lace or linen, or of muslin edged with lace, and tied in a bow with long flowing ends, and much attention was bestowed upon it as an ornamental accessory' (N.E.D.). 'An Academical Beau,' writing from Oxford to *The Guardian* (No. 10), 18 March 1712-13, claims to have prepared a 'Treatise against the Cravat.' *Cf.* Congreve, *The Way of the World*, III, iii, 'thou art so becravated and so beperiwigged.'

85. *Paris.* Howell, in his *Familiar Letters*, 1 May 1620, describing the dangers of the streets of Paris, says, 'this makes me think often of the excellent nocturnal Government of our City of London, where one may pass and repass securely all hours of the Night, if he gives good words to the Watch.'

86. *Slav'ry treads the Streets.* So Gay, in his *Epistle to William Pulteney* (1720), which gives a lively description of fashionable Paris, contrasts the freedom of England under George I with the servitude of France under Louis XV. The just and good king, he says, 'scorns to rule a wretched race of slaves.'

110. *Manteau*, defined by Phillips, *The New World of Words* (1720), as 'a loose upper Garment, now generally worn by Women, instead of a straight-body'd Gown.' In 1698 Farquhar speaks of it as no longer distinctive of the upper class: '*Love.* But was she a gentlewoman? *Roe.* Psha! no; she had no fortune. She wore indeed a silk manteau and high-head; but these are grown as little signs of gentility now-a-days as that is of chastity' (*Love and a Bottle*, I, i). Gay speaks of 'the manteau's sweeping train' (*The Fan*, I, 232). It was often spelt *manto*. 'Mrs. Turnup, the Manto Maker,' is one of the characters in Mrs. Centlivre's *The Platonick Lady*. D'Urfey makes it rhyme with *curanto*: 'And now in Petticoat and Manto | Like buxom Lass, that trips Curanto' (*Collin's Walk*, p. 115).

115-17. *Gamester . . . Broker*, perhaps suggested by Juvenal, *Sat.* I, vv. 30-3, 64-8.

121. *Morning Cries.* So, when Tom Collin and the Major came to town, they were 'awaked with London Cryes and Coaches'—D'Urfey, *Collin's Walk through London* (1690), p. 45.

126. *Wig, long us'd to Storms.* Ashton (*Social Life*, I, 144) quotes an advertisement of 'The Secret White Water to curl Gentlemen's Hair, Children's Hair, or fine Wigs withal, that are out of Curl; . . . if any single Lock or part of a Wig be out of Curl, by the pressing of the Hat or riding in windy or rainy Weather, in one Night's time it may be repaired hereby to Satisfaction.'

128. *flapping Hat.* 'The hats were rather low crowned, made of felt, with very broad flapping brims' (Ashton, *Social Life*, I, 141).

130. *open Breast.* 'Having the waistcoat unbuttoned to show the shirt is very frequently mentioned, but it was eminently a young man's practice' (*Social Life*, I, 149). In *A Tale of a Tub*, Jack 'in winter went always loose and unbuttoned, and clad as thin as possible, to let in the ambient heat.'

132. *defend*, ward off, like Latin *defendere.*

133. *certain Signs*, from Virgil, *Georgics*, I, 351, *atque haec ut certis possemus discere signis.*

135. *Coals*, etc., perhaps suggested by Virgil, *Georgics*, I, 390 *seq.*: *Ne nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellae | nesciuere hiemem, testa cum ardente uiderent | scintillare oleum et putris concrescere fungos.*

145. *the Mall.* Pope (*Verses to Mr. C.*) speaks of morning walks along the Mall, and Swift in his *Journal to Stella* (15 May 1711) says: 'When I pass the Mall in the evening it is prodigious to see the number of ladies walking there.' He describes Sir Henry St. John, father of the Secretary of State, as 'a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James' Coffee-house, and the chocolate-houses' (*ib.*, 11 November 1710). *Cf.* Tom Brown, *Amusements Serious and Comical* (*Works*, III, 49), 'From hence we went to take a turn in the Mall; . . . there were none but Women there that Day as it happen'd, and the Walks were cover'd with them.' Congreve, *The Way of the World*, I, ii, '*Mir.* Fainall, are you for the Mall? *Fain.* Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner. *Wit.* Ay, we'll all walk in the Park; the ladies talked of being there.'

149. *Not that their Minds*, etc., from Virgil, *Georgics*, I, 415 *seq.*: *haud equidem credo quia sit diuinitus illis | ingenium aut rerum fato prudentia maior.*

153. *nodding Coachman.* Cf. *The Art of Living in London* (ed. 2, 1793), p. 22: 'Now drunken coachmen, free from every care, | Nod on their boxes, and neglect their fare.'

161. *The Bookseller.* Steele (S. 304) has an imaginary letter from 'Anthony Title-Page, Stationer, in the Centre of Lincolns-Inn-Fields,' in which he states that his 'Ancestor, Crouch-back Title-Page, was the first of that Vocation in Britain; who, keeping his Station (in fair Weather) at the corner of Lothbury, was by way of Eminency called *the Stationer*, a Name which from him all succeeding Booksellers have affected to bear.'

163. *the Rails.* 'Anthony Title-Page' says that the Spectator made his first 'rudimental Essays in Spectatorship' in his shop, where he often practised for hours together, 'sometimes on his Books upon the Rails.' *Cf.* Pope, *Satires and Epistles*, V, 415 *seq.* 'And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves, | Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things | As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings, | Cloath spice, line trunks, or, flutt'ring in a row, | Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.'

164. *Tilts.* Misson (quoted by Ashton, *Social Life*, II, 146), says: 'The little Boats upon the Thames, which are only for carrying of Persons, are light and pretty; some are row'd but by one Man, others by two; the former are called *Scullers*, and the latter *Oars*. . . . You sit at your Ease upon Cushions, and have a Board to lean against; but generally they have no Covering, unless a Cloth, which the Watermen set up immediately, in case of Need, over a few Hoops; and sometimes you are wet to the Skin for all this.' For a long and realistic description of the watermen on the Thames, see Tom Brown, *A Walk round London and Westminster* (*Works*, III, 322-9). In *A Comical View of London and Westminster* (*Works*, I, 174) he speaks of 'the Gravesend Tilt-Boat.'

168. *Niobe.* *Cf.* Sophocles, *Antigone*, 828 [of Niobe], καί νιν ὄμβροι τακομέναν | ὡς φάτις ἀνδρῶν, | χιών τ' οὐδαμὰ λείπει, τέγγει δ' ὑπ' ὀφρύσι παγκλαύτοις | δειράδας. 'And the rains fail not, as men tell, from her wasting form, nor fails the snow, but makes wet her neck beneath her mournful brows.'

169. *sweats with secret Grief.* *Cf.* Homer, *Iliad*, XXIV, 617 [of Niobe], ἔνθα λίθος περ ἐοῦσα θεῶν ἐκ κήδεα πέσσει. 'There she, albeit a stone, broodeth still over her troubles from the gods.'

171. *Common-shores.* 'COMMON SHORE [corrupted for *Sewer*]' (Bailey). *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Pericles*, IV, vi, 186, 'Empty old receptacles, or common shores, of filth.' Shirley, *Love Tricks*, I, i, 'the common shore of a city.' Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther*, II, 556, 'Our sailing ships like common shores we use.'

177. *Festival of Paul.* The festival of the Conversion of St. Paul is kept on the 25th of January. 'It has been an article of constant belief in Western Europe, during the Middle Ages, and even down to our own time, that the whole character of the coming year is prognosticated by the condition of the weather on this day' (Chambers, *Book of Days*, I, 157). This belief is expressed in the following monkish verses (quoted *l. c.*), which Gay seems to have adapted: *clara dies Pauli bona tempora denotat anni; | si nix uel pluuia, designat tempora cara; | si fiant nebulae, pereunt animalia quaeque; | si fiant uenti, designat proelia genti.*

178. *Plenty from lib'ral Horn*, Horace's *copia benigno cornu* (*Carm.* I, xvii, 14-16).

183. *Swithin's Feast.* 'The common adage regarding St. Swithin is to the effect that, as it rains or is fair on St. Swithin's Day, the 15th of July, there will be a continuous track of wet or dry weather for the forty days ensuing:

'St. Swithin's Day, if thou dost rain,
For forty days it will remain:
St. Swithin's Day, if thou be fair,
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.'

Chambers, *Book of Days*, II, 61-4.

Cf. Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, I, 340-2. Churchill (*Gotham*, I, 391) speaks of 'July, to whom, the Dog-star in her train, | Saint James gives oysters, and Saint Swithin rain.'

185. *Fleeces.* So, in *Rural Sports*, Gay has 'floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain.' From Virgil, *Georgics*, I, 397: *tenuia nec lanae per caelum uellera ferri.*

195. *Hat unloop'd.* The brims of hats were 'looped up or cocked, very much at the fancy of the wearer' (Ashton, *Social Life*, I, 141). (See note on l. 128 above.)

200. *jostle for the Wall.* 'Peter Plumb,' being indicted at 'the Court of Honour' before Isaac Bickerstaff, 'Censor of Great Britain,' for having 'stolen the wall' from 'Mr. Gules,' alleged in defence 'that he had taken it inadvertently, to save himself from a shower of rain which was then falling' (T. 256).

203. *Alecto*, one of the three Furies. *Cf.* Virgil, *Georgics*, IV, 482: *caeruleosque inplexae crinibus anguis | Eumenides.*

204. *Orpheus.* The story of Orpheus' essaying to fetch back his wife Eurydice from the dead is told by Virgil, *Georgics*, IV, 454-527, and by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, X, 1-85.

205. *Glaucus' Beard.* Glaucus, once a fisherman of Anthedon in Boeotia, threw himself into the sea, and was changed into a sea-god by Oceanus and Tethys. 'He was represented in works of art as an old man with a fish's tail,

with sea-blue scales, long hair and beard, and breast covered with sea-weed and shells' (Seyffert, *Dictionary of Classical Antiquities*).

207. *the bathing Fair, i.e.*, Scylla, once a sea-nymph, transformed by Circe into a rock. *Cf.* Ovid, *Met.*, XIII, 900-68; XIV, 1-74.

210. *Riding-hood.* Sir Roger de Coverley, 'it being a very cold Day when he made his Will, left for Mourning, to every Man in his Parish, a great Frieze-Coat, and to every Woman a black Riding-hood' (S. 517).

211. *Umbrella. Cf.* Swift, *City Showers* (T. 238), 'The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides, | While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.' Ashton (*Social Life*, I, 174), quotes from *The Female Tatler*, 'The Young Gentleman belonging to the Custom House, that for fear of rain borrowed the Umbrella at Will's Coffee House in Cornhill of the *Mistress*, is hereby advertised that to be dry from head to foot on the like occasion he shall be welcome to the *Maid's Pattens*.' Tom Brown, *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (*Works*, II, 164), speaks of 'a Cony-wool Umbrella.' For an interesting article on the history of the umbrella, see Chambers, *Book of Days*, I, 241-4.

212. *Pattens.* Gay (*Epistles*, III, 12) speaks of himself, with reference to *Trivia*, as one 'who late *Britannia's* city trod, | And led the draggled Muse, with pattens shod, | Through dirty lanes, and alley's doubtful ways.' Dicky, in Farquhar's *Sir Harry Wildair*, I, i, says he would 'rather kiss an English pair of pattens than the finest lady in France.'

213. *Persian Dames.* So in *The Fan*, 3, Gay calls the umbrella 'the wide fan by *Persian* dames display'd.'

245. *Mulciber*, surname of Vulcan.

246. *Paphian Spouse*, Venus, worshipped at Paphos, a city of Cyprus.

249. *Lemnian Pow'r*, Vulcan, who was supposed to dwell in Lemnos, an island in the Aegean Sea.

BOOK II

10. *Billingsgate*, on the Thames, a little below London Bridge, the great fish-market of London.

11. *sallow Milk-maid.* Steele, on the contrary, speaks of 'a clean fresh-colour'd Girl, under the most elegant and the best-furnished Milk-Pail I had ever observed' (S. 380).

13. *Asses.* Aitken, on T. 224, quotes an advertisement from the *Post-Boy*, 6 Dec. 1711, 'Ass's milk to be had at Richard Stout's, at the sign of the Ass, at Knightsbridge, for three shillings and sixpence per quart; the ass to be brought to the buyer's door.' So Pope, *Dunciad*, II, 247, in what he calls 'a simile with a long tail'—'As, when the long-eared milky mothers wait | At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate.' Tom Brown, *Amusements Serious and Comical* (*Works*, III, 31), speaks of an 'Advertisement of a Milch-Ass, to be sold at the Night-Man's in Whitechapel.' *Cf. Low Life* (1752), 'The keepers of she-asses about Brompton, Knightsbridge, Hoxton, and Stepney, are getting ready to run with their cattle all over the town to be milked for the benefit of sick and infirm persons.'

17. *Drummers.* It was customary for musicians, especially drummers, to serenade newly-married couples. In the sixth plate of Hogarth's *Industry and Idleness* a band, including a butcher, who performs on marrow-bone and cleaver, is celebrating the wedding of the Industrious Apprentice, who is seen at the window giving a coin to the drummer. See the description of the engraving in

Wheatley's *Hogarth's London*, p. 256. *Cf.* Tom Brown, *Letters from the Dead* (*Works*, II, 296), 'as for Drums, you have a Set of them under every Devil's Window, ratling and thumping like a Consort of his Majesty's Rat-tat-too's at an English Wedding.' Garth, *The Dispensary*, III, 57, 'Drums, Trumpets, Hautboys, wake the slumb'ring Pair.'

18. *Vellom-Thunder.* So *The Spectator*, 617, speaks of the 'Parchment Thunder' of drummers.

19. *Sounds like these.* This seems to have been suggested by an imaginary letter from 'Robin Bridegroom' in Steele's paper (S. 364), in which he says: 'I was marry'd on *Sunday* last, and went peaceably to bed; but, to my Surprize, was awaken'd the next Morning by the Thunder of a Set of Drums. These warlike Sounds (methinks) are very improper in a Marriage-Consort, and give great Offence; they seem to insinuate, that the Joys of this State are short, and that Jars and Discord soon ensue.'

22. *breathless Hawker.* Addison (S. 251) complains that there was 'no just Time nor Measure' in the London street cries. 'Our News should indeed be published in a very quick Time, because it is a Commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same Precipitation as *Fire*: yet this is generally the Case.' *Cf.* S. 150, 452. So Pope (*Prologue to the Satires*, 217) speaks of 'smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers' load, | On wings of wind came flying all abroad.'

29. *Perfumer's.* Among the commodities sold by 'Mr Charles Lillie, the perfumer at the corner of Beaufort Buildings,' are 'amber, orange-flower, musk, civet-violet; wash-balls perfumed, camphored, and plain; and snuffs, Barcelona, Seville, musty, plain, and Spanish' (T. 101. *Cf.* 94). The sub-title of *The French Perfumer* (1696) is, 'teaching the several ways of extracting the Odours of Drugs and Flowers, and making all the Compositions of Perfumes for Powder, Wash-balls, Essences, Oyls, Wax, Pomatum, Paste, Queen of Hungary's Rosa Solis, and other Sweet Waters. The Manner of preparing Sweet Toilets, Boxes, etc., with the Preparations and use of Perfumes of all kinds whatsoever. Also how to Colour and Scent Gloves and Fans. Together with the Secret of Cleansing Tobacco, and Perfuming it for all sorts of Snuff, Spanish, Roman, etc.'

33. *Chimney-sweeper. Cf.* Tom Brown (*Works*, IV, 299), 'about two months ago he put on a Milk-white Suit, designing to shew himself in it that Evening in the Park . . . Coming by *Catherine-Street*, a sawcy impudent Chimney-Sweeper daub'd his Coat.'

35. *Small-coal.* 'Retailers of Small-coal' are mentioned with the Chimney-sweeper in Addison's paper on London cries (S. 251) as having no certain pitch, but crying sometimes in the deepest base, and sometimes in the sharpest treble. Pope (*Moral Essays*, III, 62) satirizes Edward Wortley Montague as 'Worldly crying coals from street to street.' Tom Brown, in an imaginary letter 'to his Mistress, upon seeing his Rival go into her Lodgings,' begs her to persuade him that 'the Gallant was the Fellow that furnishes you with Small-coal' (*Works*, III, 244).

44. *Hangman*, executioner. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, II, ii, 28, 'As they had seen me with those hangman's hands.'

52. *the Lame protect.* Steele (S. 354) contrasts the modesty of the young men in the streets of Sparta, as described by Xenophon, with the coarse practical jokes played by young fellows in London on country visitors. He attributes their behaviour to 'an Affectation of Smartness, Wit, and Courage.' Otway, he

says, 'makes a Man, to boast his Agility, trip up a Beggar on Crutches.' The reference is to *Friendship in Fashion*, III, i, where Malagene describes, as a good jest, how, to show his parts, he tripped up both the wooden legs of a lame man who asked his charity, and 'walked off gravely about his business.'

54. *mantling Peruke.* Addison describes a rural squire whose 'periwig fell in a very considerable bush upon each shoulder' (T. 96).

56. *red-heel'd Shoes.* Wearing red-heeled shoes, and hanging the cane on the button, were 'essential parts of the habit belonging to the order of "smart fellows"' (T. 26). So 'red-heeled shoes, and a hat hung upon one side of the head, shall signify a Smart' (T. 96). In the inventory of the effects of a deceased beau are 'a dozen pair of red-heeled shoes' (T. 113). Isaac Bickerstaff claims, as one result of his censorship of dress, that 'there is not a pair of red heels to be seen within ten miles of London' (T. 162). Addison declines 'to sink the Dignity of this my Paper with Reflections upon Red-heels or Top-knots' (S. 16).

59. *the Bully.* So Tom Brown, in *Amusements Serious and Comical*, says: '*Turn out there you Country Putt*, says a *Bully*, with a Sword two yards long jarring at his heels, and throws him into the Kennel' (*Works*, III, 15).

60. *Cocks his broad Hat.* Among 'many weighty points that daily perplex the youth of the British nation,' which Bickerstaff proposes to discuss, is 'How a man should resent another's staring and cocking a hat in his face' (T. 250). Colley Cibber (*Apology*, p. 195) says of Powel, the actor, that 'he cock'd his Hat, and in his Passion walk'd off to the Service of the Company in Lincoln's Inn Fields.'

63. *never turns again.* The cowardice of the bully is thus described in *The Country Gentleman's Vade Mecum* (1699), p. 43: 'his way of proceeding with you, is either to tread on your Toes, cough in your Face, ruffle, crowd, or discompose you. But after all, if he finds you resent his Behaviour and grow rough with him upon the Matter, he flies presently to his Grand Reserve, begs your Pardon, and sneaks off.'

67. *Signs.* 'The street signs, which were necessary, as houses were not numbered, were very numerous and large, and some were exceedingly costly. Misson was very much struck with them. "At *London* they are commonly very large, and jutt out so far, that in some narrow Streets they touch one another; nay, and run across almost quite to the other Side. They are generally adorn'd with Carving and Gilding; and there are several that, with the Branches of Iron which support them, cost above a hundred Guineas"' (Ashton, *Social Life*, II, 159). *Cf.* Addison (S. 28).

69. *Prentices.* Swift calls them 'the gibing prentices' (*Tale of a Tub*, Sect. XI), and 'Sophrosunius' (S. 354) complains that 'the Prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger.'

75. *sev'n Dials.* 'Seven Dials, an open area in the parish of St.-Giles-in-the Fields, on what was once "Cock and Pye Fields," from which seven streets . . . radiate, and so called because there was formerly a column in the centre, on the summit of which were (as was always said) seven sun-dials, with a dial facing each of the streets' (L.P.P.). Evelyn (5 Oct. 1694) 'went to see the building beginning neere St. Giles's, where 7 streets make a star from a Doric pillar placed in the middle of a circular area.'

79. *dwells on ev'ry Sign.* So Steele says: 'If a Country Gentleman appears a little curious in observing the Edifices, Signs, Clocks, Coaches, and Dials, it is not to be imagined how the Polite Rabble of this Town, who are acquainted

with these Objects, ridicules his Rusticity' (S. 354). For an amusing description of a countryman in London see Macaulay, *History of England*, Ch. III (Pop. Ed., I, 181).

86. *Ariadne*. *Cf.* Ovid, *Heroides*, XI.

90. *Fob*, 'a small pocket formerly made in the waist-band of the breeches, and used for carrying a watch, money, or other valuables.' (N.E.D.).

92. *slabby*, 'plashy, full of Dirt' (Bailey). *Cf.* l. 410.

98. *the Post*. Posts used to mark the edge of the pavement in most of the London streets. They may be seen in the engraving on the frontispiece of the second edition of *Trivia*, and in plate 12 of Hogarth's *Industry and Idleness*. So in III, 156, 'where Posts defend the Street.'

100. *The Board*, *i.e.*, the pillory.

102. *Eggs*. *Cf.* Tom Brown, *A Collection of Letters* (*Works*, I, 242): 'He chanc'd to be in a Gentleman's Company that fainted away at the Sight of a few Eggs. What does my Doctor do upon this, but whipt streight into Essex, where the Gentleman liv'd; enquires privately into the secret History of his Family, and finds his Grandfather had stood in the Pillory for forging a Bond.' Pope, *The Dunciad*, III, 34, 'As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.' *Epilogue to the Satires*, II, 189, 'And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown?'

109. *the lashing Whip*, etc. See Hogarth's *Four Stages of Cruelty*, the Second Stage.

110. *the swelling Vein*. So, in *Rural Sports*, II, 303, Gay speaks of 'the lab'ring horse with swelling veins.'

115. *the Samian*, *i.e.*, the Greek philosopher, Pythagoras, born at Samos about 580 B.C., who is said to have taught the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. So Dryden, *Of the Pythagorean Philosophy* (from Ovid, *Met.*, XV), 240 *seq.*, 'Here and there th' unbodied spirit flies, | By time, or force, or sickness dispossess'd, | And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast.' Addison quotes this passage from Dryden in S. 211.

121. *Watling-street*, 'was two centuries ago notorious . . . for its inconvenient and almost dangerous narrowness' (L.P.P.).

122. *Cheap-side*. Howes (1631) speaks of Cheapside as 'worthily called the Beauty of London,' and Strype (1721) says, 'Cheapside is a very stately spacious street, adorned with lofty buildings' (L.P.P.) Plate 12 of Hogarth's *Industry and Idleness* is a 'brilliant representation of the west end of Cheapside' (Wheatley, *Hogarth's London*, 260).

123. *that rugged Street*. 'Thames Street, on the north bank of the Thames, stretches from Blackfriars Bridge to the Tower, and is rather more than a mile in length' (L.P.P.). Tom Brown (*Works*, IV, 128) speaks of 'a jolly red-fac'd Preacher at the upper-end of *Thames-street*.'

124. *Fleet-ditch*, a stream which rose in the Hampstead and Highgate Hills, and flowed into the Thames at Blackfriars. It became a 'receptacle for every description of tanners' refuse, house sewage, and all kinds of offal' (L.P.P.). Pope (*Dunciad*, II, 271-4), speaks of it as 'the king of dykes,' and describes it as rolling 'the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames.' So Garth (*The Dispensary*, III, 124) says that it 'descends in sable Streams, | To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames'; and Dicky, in Farquhar's *Sir Harry Wildair*, I, i, on returning to London from the Continent, sniffs with delight 'the sweet smoke of Cheapside and the dear perfume of Fleet-ditch.' *Cf.* Beresford Chancellor, *Annals of Fleet Street*, 25-7.

132. *Cornavian Cheeses.* Cf. *The Connoisseur*, 13 June 1754, 'I had rather live all my days among the cheesemongers' shops in Thames Street, than pass such another spring in this filthy country' (L.P.P.).

134. *Chaplain.* Macaulay in his description of England in 1685 (*History*, Ch. III), says of the domestic chaplain: 'he might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots: but as soon as the tarts and cheesecakes made their appearance, he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast, from a great part of which he had been excluded.' This custom of the chaplain's withdrawing after the first course forms the subject of papers by Addison and Steele in *The Tatler* (255 and 258). Addison quotes from Oldham's *Satires*: 'Soon as the tarts appear, Sir Crape, withdraw, | These dainties are not for a spiritual maw.' So Garth, *Dispensary*, I, 149-50: 'Constant at Feasts, and each *Decorum* knew; | And soon as the *Dessert* appear'd, withdrew.' Sir William Belfond's elder son in Shadwell's *Squire of Alsatia*, I, i, 'rises at second Course, takes away his Plate; says Grace, and saves me the Charge of a Chaplain.'

135. *Pell-mell*, 'a spacious street extending from the foot of St. James's Street to the foot of the Haymarket, and so called from a game of that name, somewhat similar to croquet, introduced into England in the reign of Charles I, perhaps earlier . . . Pell Mell, it will be seen, was the genteel pronunciation of the name in the days of Queen Anne, and so it has continued to be down to the present day. "If we must have a villa in summer to dwell, | O give me the sweet shady side of Pell Mell." Captain Morris, *The Contrast*' (L.P.P.).

138. *Carmen.* So Tom Brown, *Amusements Serious and Comical* (*Works*, III, 15), 'Stand up there, you blind Dog, says a Carman, will you have the Cart squeeze your Guts out?'

139. *Chairs.* Similarly Tom Brown (*l. c.*) describes the occupants of sedan chairs: 'Some Carry, others are Carried: *Make way there*, says a gouty-leg'd Chairman, that is carrying a Punk of Quality to a Morning's Exercise [*i.e.*, morning service at a place of worship]; or a Bartholomew-Baby Beau [*i.e.*, like a doll bought at Bartholomew Fair], newly launch'd out of a Chocolate-house, with his Pockets as empty as his Brains.'

155. *Beaver.* The fur of the beaver used to be largely employed in the manufacture of hats.

159. *old Letchers.* Cf. *The Art of Living in London* (1793), p. 22: 'Their lofty garrets Drury's nymphs forsake; | Down the dark alley pants the batter'd rake.'

160. *Drury-lane.* Steele (T. 46) describes Drury as 'purchased by the Queen of Paphos before the days of Christianity'; and Pope (*Satires of Dr. Donne versified*, II, 64) speaks of 'drabs in Drury-lane.'

162. *Dun.* Jeremy, Valentine's servant, in Congreve's *Love for Love* (I, i), dispatches 'some half-a-dozen duns with as much dexterity as a hungry judge does causes at dinner time.'

166. *the Meuse*, *i.e.*, the Mews, stood on the site of Trafalgar Square. Originally, according to Stow, the king's falcons were kept there. 'Then is the Mewse, so called of the king's falcons there kept by the king's falconer.' It was afterwards 'new built and prepared for stabling of the king's horses in the reign of Edward VI and Queen Mary.' In 1635 in the fields behind the Meuse was 'built a faire house, and 2 bowling greens made to entertain gamesters and bowlers.' The shoe-black in the final draft of *Trivia* (*Poems on Several Occasions*, 1720), II, 213-16, 'the labour ply'd | Where branching streets from Charing-

cross divide; | His treble voice resounds along the Meuse, | And *White-hall* echoes—Clean your Honour's shoes.' D'Urfey, describing the Play House (*Collin's Walk through London and Westminster*, Canto IV), speaks of 'ragged *Wight* that once did use | As bad a Station as the Mews.'

Thimble's Cheats, now called thimble-rigging. 'A sleight-of-hand trick played with three small cups shaped like thimbles, and a small ball or pea. The ball or pea is put on a table and covered with one of the cups. The operator then begins moving the cups about, offering to bet that no one can tell under which cup the pea lies. The one who bets is seldom allowed to win' (*Century Dictionary*). *Cf.* Borrow, *Lavengro*, Ch. 53.

169. *Ludgate-hill*, and Ludgate Street, are 'portions of the main artery of London, leading from Fleet Street to St. Paul's: the latter term is now abolished, and it is named Ludgate Hill throughout. The *hill* extended from Fleet Street to the site of old Ludgate, and the *street* thence to St. Paul's churchyard' (L.P.P.).

197. *nitry*, nitrous, 'as an epithet applied to the air, on the supposition that it was charged with particles of nitre' (N.E.D.). *Cf.* Cowper, *The Task*, III, 32, 'The nitrous air | Feeds a blue flame, and makes a cheerful hearth.'

211. *spurn*, to kick out (Phillips, *New World of Words*, 1720).

213. *White's*. *Cf.* Book I, 72 (*note*).

215. *'Change*, *i.e.*, the New Exchange, 'a kind of bazaar on the south side of the Strand, so called in contradistinction to the Royal Exchange' (L.P.P.). According to Strype it was 'furnished with shops on both sides the walls, both below and above stairs, for milleners, sempstresses, and other trades, that furnish dresses.' It was demolished in 1737. Defoe (*Complete English Tradesman*, Ch. 51) speaks of 'the two great centres of the women merchants: I mean the Exchange shops, particularly at the Royal Exchange, and the New Exchange in the Strand.' Tom Trusty's mistress 'would often cheapen Goods at the New Exchange' (S. 96) *The Spectator* receives long letters from the Royal and the New Exchange complaining that 'a young Fop cannot buy a Pair of Gloves, but he is at the same time straining for some Ingenious Ribaldry to say to the young Woman who helps them on' (S. 155). Melissa's 'Shop, or, if you please to call it so, my Cell, is in that great Hive of Females which goes by the Name of *The New Exchange*' (S. 211). Clarinda records in her diary for Wednesday, '*From One till Half an Hour after Two.* Drove to the *Change.* Cheapned a Couple of Fans' (S. 323). Steele, in his Ramble from Richmond to London (S. 454), describing the *New Exchange*, speaks of 'pretty Hands busie in the Foldings of Ribbands, and the utmost Eagerness of agreeable Faces in the sale of Patches, Pins, and Wires, on each Side the Counters.' In *The Lying Lover* (1704), II, 26, he makes Young Bookwit describe his distraction among 'the pretty Merchants and their Dealers' in the New Exchange: 'One little lisping Rogue, Ribbandth, Gloveths, Tippeths.—Sir, cries another, will you buy a fine Sword-knot; then a third, pretty Voice and Curtsie,—Does not your Lady wanted Hoods, Scarfs, fine silk Stockins?' According to Tom Brown (*Works*, IV, 182) 'the Country Ladies, when they come up to Town, enquire in the first place, *Which is the newest Play or Lampoon? Which is the topping Mistress of the Court? Or the most fashionable Suit of Ribbons at the Exchange?*'

216. *Belgian Stove*, a warming stove for the feet. 'The word was first used in English in this sense as applied to foot-stoves' (*Century Dictionary*).

221. *Covent-garden's famous Temple*, *i.e.*, St. Paul's, Covent Garden, 'a parish church on the west side of the market, the design of which is attributed to Inigo

Jones, begun 1631 . . . and consecrated 1638 . . . When first erected the church was greatly admired for its classic simplicity of form and outline, and especially for its "noble Tuscan portico," exactly in accordance, as was said, with one described by Vitruvius' (L.P.P.). In Hogarth's 'Morning' (*The Four Times of the Day*) this church forms the principal object in the east end of the picture. See Wheatley, *Hogarth's London*, p. 133. 'Ralph Bellfry, Sexton of the Parish of Covent-Garden' (S. 372), complains that, 'as I was tolling in to Prayers at Eleven in the Morning, Crowds of People of Quality hastened to assemble at a Puppet-Show on the other Side of the Garden.'

222. *Jones, i.e.*, Inigo Jones, the famous architect (1573-1652).

226. *Foot-ball War. Cf.* Waller, *On the Danger his Majesty* [being Prince] *escaped in the Road at St. Anders*, 45-50: 'As when a sort of lusty shepherds try | Their force at football, care of victory | Makes them salute so rudely breast to breast, | That their encounter seems too rough for jest; | They ply their feet, and still the restless ball, | Toss'd to and fro, is urged by them all.' Tom Brown (*Works*, IV, 128) compares the citation of the Fathers in support of truisms to 'sending for the Sheriff to come with the *Posse Comitatus* to disperse a few Boys at Foot-ball.' For an amusing description of Elizabethan football see Stubbes, *Anatomie of Abuses*, 'Playing at Footeball.'

234. *gingling*, found as early as Chaucer, *C. T., Prol.*, 170, of the bells on the Monk's bridle, and as late as Congreve, *The Old Bachelor*, V, v, *ad fin.*, 'with gaudy plumes and gingling bells made proud, | The youthful beast sets forth, and neighs aloud.' *Cf.* Gay, *Work for the Cooper*, 'Let your keys gingle at her side.'

235. *that wond'rous Year, i.e.*, 1709-10, when, according to Maitland, a very hard frost began on Christmas Day at night, and lasted three months. As *Trivia*, according to an advertisement in the *Daily Courant*, was published on the 26th of January 1716-17, it cannot be the great frost described in *Dawks's News-Letter* of 14 January, 1716, which lasted seven weeks, when the Thames was again frozen over. See Andrews, *Famous Frosts and Frost Fairs*, pp. 40-4; Walford, *Frost Fairs on the Thames*, pp. 34-5; Chambers, *Book of Days*, I, 110; Hone, *Every Day Book*, II, 51-7.

239. *the Waterman*, etc. In the 'Blanket Fair' (so called because the booths were largely formed of blankets), which was held on the Thames during the great frost of 1683-4, 'hackney coaches plied for hire, as in the Strand, thus ousting the Thames watermen, who, driven from their proper employment, dragged boats and sledges on the ice, or set up "fuddling tents":

> 'And those that us'd to ask, Where shall I land ye?
> Now cry, What lack ye, Sir? Beer, ale, or brandy?'
>
> *Frost Fairs*, p. 32.

In a broadside, printed for J. Shad, London, in 1684, and now preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, we find:

> 'The watermen with folded arms doe stand,
> And grieve to see the water firm as land,
> Their boats hal'd up, their oars laid useless by,
> Nor oars, nor skuller, master, do they cry.'
>
> *Famous Frosts and Frost Fairs*, p. 33.

241. *Sees harness'd Steeds, etc. Cf.* Ovid, *Tristia*, III, x, 31-4, *quaque rates ierant, pedibus nunc itur; et undas | frigore concretas ungula pulsat equi. | perque nouos pontes, subter labentibus undis, | ducunt Sarmatici barbara plaustra boues.*

243. *Wheels o'er*, etc. *Cf.* Virgil, *Georgics*, III, 361-2: *undaque iam tergo ferratos sustinet orbis, | puppibus illa prius, patulis nunc hospita plaustris.*

245. *the fat Cook*, etc. Evelyn thus describes the great frost of 1683-4: 'Jan. 9. I went crosse the Thames on the ice, now become so thick as to beare not only streetes of boothes, in which they roasted meate, and had divers shops of wares, quite acrosse as in a towne, but coaches, carts, and horses passed over.' In the frost of 1716, as described in *Dawks's News-Letter* (see note on v. 235), 'a great cook's-shop was erected, and gentlemen went as frequently to dine there, as at any ordinary.'

246. *the Steer entire.* At these frost fairs on the Thames it was customary to roast an ox whole. Broadsides describing the great frost of 1683-4, preserved in the British Museum, speak of 'An ox roasted whole, which thousands saw,' and, 'Here roasted was an ox before the court.' 'Roasting the ox' may be seen in a *facsimile* of a contemporary print representing 'Blanket Fair,' in Walford's *Frost Fairs on the Thames.*

247. *long Streets appear.* Evelyn (24 Jan. 1684) says, 'the frost continuing more and more severe, the Thames before London was still planted with boothes in formal streetes, all sorts of trades and shops furnish'd and full of commodities.' So, in the broadsides mentioned above, we find mention of a street reaching from the Temple to Southwark, which can be clearly seen in the print of 'Blanket Fair,' with a continuous line of booths on each side. It was named Temple Street.

248. *num'rous Games.* At the 'Blanket Fair' among other pastimes were 'bowls for ladies of "the quality," and ninepins for the wives and daughters of citizens; football for the lads, and "throwing at cocks" for the cruel-hearted roughs. There were also horse races, donkey races, and coach races; there was music, a large bear-garden, and a ring for bull-baiting close to Temple Stairs: and, not far off, a fox was hunted on the ice' (*Frost Fairs*, pp. 32-3).

257. *Lulling*, etc. Notice the use of liquids to burlesque the principle that 'The *Sound* must seem an *Eccho* to the *Sense*' (Pope, *Essay on Criticism*, II, 365). So in Pope's *Satires and Epistles*, I, 29-31: 'Then all your muse's softer art display, | Let Carolina smoothe the tuneful lay, | Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine, | And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.'

270. *Pip-Pip-Pip. Cf.* Virgil, *Ecl.*, VI, 44: *clamassent, ut litus Hyla Hyla omne sonaret.*

271. *Orpheus.* The tale is told by Ovid, *Met.*, XI, 1-66.

273. *His sever'd Head*, etc. Ovid, *Met.*, XI, 50-3: *caput, Hebre, lyramque | excipis; et, mirum, medio dum labitur amne, | flebile nescio quid queritur lyra; flebile lingua | murmurat exanimis; respondent flebile ripae.* It will be noticed that Ovid does not represent Orpheus' tongue as calling for Eurydice.

280. *Thames' full Urn.* River-gods were represented in ancient art with water pouring out of pitchers at their sides. *Cf.* Virgil, *Aen.*, VII, 792: *caelataque amnem fundens pater Inachus urna.*' Garth, *The Dispensary*, Canto IV, 'And River Gods their thirsty Urns supply.'

288. *Hockley-hole.* 'Hockley-in-the-Hole, memorable for its Bear Garden, was on the outskirt of the town, by Clerkenwell Green; with Mutton Lane on the east and the fields on the west. By Town's End Lane (called Coppice Row since the levelling of the coppice-crowned knoll over which it ran), through Pickled-Egg Walk (now Crawford's Passage), one came to Hockley-in-the-Hole, or Hockley Hole, now Ray Street. In Hockley Hole dealers in rags and old

iron congregated. This gave it the name of Rag Street, euphonized into Ray Street since 1774. In the *Spectator's* time its Bear Garden, upon the site of which there are now [1870] metal works, was a famous resort of the lowest classes' (Henry Morley, on S. 31). *Cf. Fables*, XXXIV, 'Both *Hockley-hole* and *Mary-bone* | The combats of my dog have known.' References to Hockley Hole are very numerous in the literature of the time, *e.g.*, S. 31, 436, 630; T. 28; Pope, *Dunciad*, I, 222, *Imitations of Horace*, II, i, 49; Tom Brown, *Works*, I, 217, where 'Jumping through a Hoop, Dancing upon the high Ropes, Leaping over eight Men's Heads, Wrestling, Boxing, Cudgelling, Fighting at Backsword, and Quarter-staff' are mentioned among the 'noble exercises that divert the good Folks at Hockley.'

290. *Mondays and Thursdays.* In Tom Brown's *Comical View* (*Works*, I, 163), under *Wednesday* occurs the entry: 'Afternoon noisy and bloody at her Majesties Bear-Garden in *Hockley in the Hole.*'

292. *Maid.* 'A name given to the Skate and Thornback (*Raia batis* and *R. clavata*) when young. Also to the Twait Shad, *Alosa finta* (in Fr. similarly called *pucelle*). (N.E.D., which quotes from Pennant, *Brit. Zool.* (1769), 'Their [the thornbacks'] young . . . which, (as well as those of the skate) before they are old enough to breed, are called maids'). Tom Brown, in his description of the streets of London, *Amusements Serious and Comical* (*Works*, III, 15), says: 'One draws his Mouth up to his Ears, and howls out, *Buy my Flounders*, and is follow'd by an old burly Drab, that screams out the sale of her *Maids* and her Soul at the same instant.'

293. *Joul*, 'the head of a fish; hence (as a cut or dish) the head and shoulders of certain fish, as the salmon, sturgeon, and ling' (N.E.D.). 'A jowl of ling' (Middleton, *Blurt, Master-Constable*, II, ii).

297. *Wednesdays and Fridays.* Our ancestors used to fast till three in the afternoon on Wednesday and Friday. *Cf.* 'She made grete abstynence, and wered the hayre [*i.e.*, a hair shirt] upon the wednesday and upon the fryday' (*Knight de la Tour*, ed. Wright, p. 193).

299. *Balconies*, with accent on penultima. Spelt *balcone's* in Milton's *Areopagitica.* 'The penult is long with Sherburne (1618-1702), and with Jenyns (1704-87), and in Cowper's *John Gilpin*; Swift has it short' (Hales).

300. *Damsels . . . Mop. Cf.* Swift's *Description of the Morning* (quoted by Steele, T. 9): 'Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs, | Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.' *City Shower* (T. 238): 'Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean | Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean.] You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop | To rail; she singing, still whirls on her mop.' Steele (T. 124) 'took a particular satisfaction in the sight of a young country wench, whom I this morning passed by as she was whirling her mop, with her petticoats tucked up very agreeably.' 'The most constant of Lovers' in a letter to Mopsa (T. 128), assures her that 'the dexterous twirl' of her mop has more native charms than the studied airs of a lady's fan.

302. *conclusive*, *i.e.*, ending the week.

303. *Successive Crys.* For London street cries in general see Tom Brown, *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (*Works*, II, 144-6).

308. *Nettle's.* Cf. *The English Physitian Enlarged*: 'This is also an herb *Mars* claims dominion over. You know Mars is hot and dry, and you know as well that winter is cold and moist; then you may know as well the reason why Nettle-tops eaten in Spring consume the flegmatick superfluities in the body of

man that the coldness and moisture of winter hath left behind.' Tom Brown, *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (*Works*, II, 362): 'It being now Spring time . . . I would advise you to correct the saline Particles, with which I perceive your Blood is overcharg'd, with good wholesome Nettle-broth and Water-gruel every Morning alternately.'

310. *Mackrell Cries.* In Tom Brown's *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (*Works*, II, 275) Lilly writes to Cooley, the Almanac-Maker, that 'the Cry of *Cooley's* Almanack for two Months in the Year, is as universally brawl'd about Hell's Metropolis, as Mackrel among you when they come to be six a Groat.' In his description of London cries (*Amusements Serious and Comical* [*Works*, III, 15]), 'another Son of a Whore yelps louder than Homer's Stentor, *Two a groat, and Four for six-pence*, Mackerel.'

311. *Wallnuts.* 'Moses Greenbag' was 'diverting himself with a penny-worth of Walnuts at the Temple-Gate' (S. 498). 'Hezekiah Thrift' complains that 'the Walnut Trade is carry'd on by old Women within the Walks, which makes the Place [the Royal Exchange] impassable by reason of Shells and Trash' (S. 509).

312. *Pears.* 'The next Street we came into, we saw a tall thin-gutted Mortal driving a Wheel-Barrow of Pears before him, and crying in a hoarse Tone, *Pears Twenty a Penny.*'

313. *Oranges.* It used to be the custom for children to raffle for oranges on Shrove Tuesday. The ruined gambler in Steele's paper (T. 13) 'is now gaming in Lincoln's Inn Fields among the boys for farthings and oranges.'

315. *Rosemary. Cf.* Middleton, *Blurt, Master-Constable*, II, ii, 'quick, quick; quick, buy any rosemary and bays?' 'Jenny Simper' complains that 'our Clerk, who was once a Gardener, has this Christmas so over-deckt the Church with Greens, that he has quite spoilt my Prospect. . . . The Pulpit itself has such Clusters of Ivy, Holly, and Rosemary about it that a light Fellow in our Pew took occasion to say, that the Congregation heard the Word out of a Bush, like Moses' (S. 282). Brand (*Popular Antiquities*, I, 521) quotes from the accounts for the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, 1647: 'Item, paid for rosemarie and bayes that was stuck about the church at Christmas, 1*s.* 6*d.*'

319-20. *Holly . . . Misletoe.* For 'evergreen-decking' at Christmas, see Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, I, 519-25.

345. *Knocker.* 'A very old fellow,' who visited Steele at his lodgings with 'a new invention of knockers to doors,' gave him a demonstration of 'a complete set of knocks, from the solitary rap of the dun and beggar, to the thunderings of the saucy footman' (T. 105). So Pope to his man, John Searle, 'Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead' (*Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, 2).

347. *Upholder*, undertaker. Also *upholster*, corrupted to *upholsterer*. Phillips, *New World of Words* (1720), '*Upholster* or *Upholsterer*, a Tradesman that deals in all sorts of Chamber Furniture; as Tapestry, Bedding, &c.' For 'upholders' as undertakers, see the letter from 'The Master and Company of Upholders' (T. 99).

353. *F****, *i.e.*, William Fortescue (1687-1749), Barrister of the Inner Temple in 1715; Attorney-General to Frederick, Prince of Wales, in 1730; Baron of the Exchequer in 1736; Justice of Common Pleas in 1738; and Master of the Rolls in 1741. He was very intimate with Gay and Pope. Pope used to consult him on business matters, and dedicated the first of his *Satires and Epistles* to him.

358. *With thee conversing*, a parody of Milton's 'With thee conversing, I forget all time' (*Paradise Lost*, IV, 639).

359. *that narrow Street*, *i.e.*, Arundel Street, Strand, which was built in 1678 on the site of Arundel House.

361. *Arundell's fam'd Structure*, *i.e.*, Arundel House. In the time of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, it became 'the repository of that noble collection of works of art, of which the very ruins are ornaments now to several principal cabinets. The collection contained, when entire, 37 statues, 128 busts, and 250 inscribed marbles, exclusive of sarcophagi, altars, gems, and fragments' (L.P.P.). At the Restoration his grandson gave the library to the Royal Society and the marbles to the University of Oxford. The house was taken down by his successor, and the present Arundel Street, Surrey Street, Howard Street, and Norfolk Street erected on the site.

363. *Titian's glowing Paint.* So Pope (*Epistle to Mr. Jervas*, 36-8) speaks of 'Raphael's grace . . . and Titian's warmth divine.' Gay, *Epistle to William Pulteney*, 'Titian's strong fire.'

364. *Raphael's fair Design. Cf.* Gay, *Epistle to William Pulteney*, 'Talk of the spirit Raphael's pencil gives, | Yet warm with life whose speaking picture lives.' For Steele on the cartoons of Raphael, see S. 226 and 244.

365. *Bell-man's Song.* The bellman was what we now call a night-watchman, so called from the hand-bell which he carried to give an alarm in case of fire. 'He was a regular parish official, visible by day also, advertising sales, crying losses, or summoning to weddings or funerals by ringing his bell. . . . In the Luttrell Collection of broadsides (Brit. Mus.) is one dated 1683-4, entitled, *A Copy of Verses presented by Isaac Ragg, Bellman, to his Masters and Mistresses of Holbourn Division, in the parish of St. Giles's-in-the Fields.* It is headed by a wood-cut representing Isaac in professional accoutrements, a pointed pole in the left hand, and in the right a bell, while his lantern hangs from his jacket in front. Below is a series of verses on St. Andrew's Day, King Charles the First's Birthday, St. Thomas's Day, Christmas Day, St. John's Day, Childermas Day, New Year's Day, the thirtieth of January, *etc.*' (Chambers, *Book of Days*, I, 496; II, 410).

366. *Overton.* John Overton, principal vendor of mezzotints of his day (D.N.B.). *Cf.* Tom Brown (*Works*, III, 236): 'had thy noble Design taken Effect [*i.e.*, hanging herself], thou would'st have been immortaliz'd in all the *News-Papers* about Town, and thy *Phyz* most curiously engrav'd in Wood, by honest *John Overton*, to adorn the Walls of every Coffee-house in *Drury-Lane*.' Tempest's *Cryes of the City of London* (1711) were 'printed and sold by *Henry* Overton at the White Horse without Newgate.'

367. *Statues breath'd*, a reminiscence of Virgil's *spirantia aera* (*Æneid*, VI, 847); *spirantia signa* (*Georgics*, III, 34).

369. *Essex stately Pile*, *i.e.*, Essex House, Strand, which stood on the site of the Outer Temple, and of the present Essex Street and Devereux Court. It derived its name from Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth's favourite (L.P.P.).

370. *Cecil's*, *i.e.*, Cecil House, the town residence of Sir William Cecil, the great Lord Burleigh. It stood on the north side of the Strand, on the site of Burleigh Street, and the old Exeter 'Change (L.P.P.).

Bedford's, *i.e.*, Bedford House, Strand, the town house of the Earls of Bedford. It stood on the north side of the Strand, on the site of the present Southampton Street, and was taken down in 1704.

Viller's, *i.e.*, York House in the Strand, an old London lodging of the Archbishops of York, by whom it was let to the Lord Keepers of the Great Seal. Here Francis Bacon was born in 1561. After Bacon's fall it passed to Buckingham, the first duke of the Villiers family. It was sold in 1672, the houses pulled down, and the grounds and gardens converted into streets, called from the last owner, George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, and Buckingham Street (L.P.P.).

371. *Burlington's fair Palace*, *i.e.*, Burlington House, Piccadilly, between Bond Street and Sackville Street. The first house was built for Richard Boyle, the second Earl of Cork and first Earl of Burlington, by Sir John Denham. Lord Burlington, great-grandson of the first Earl, made it into a mansion by a new front, taken from the palace of Count Chiericati at Vicenza by Palladio, and the addition of a grand colonnade, behind what Ralph has called 'the most expensive wall in England' (L.P.P.). *Cf.* Gay, *Epistles* (*Poems*, 1720, p. 306), 'While *Burlington's* proportion'd columns rise, | Does not he stand the gaze of envious eyes? | Doors, windows are condemn'd by passing fools, | Who know not that they damn *Palladio's* rules.' Hogarth's *The Man of Taste* 'contains the best view in existence of the old wall and gate of Burlington House, cleared away in 1866' (Wheatley, *Hogarth's London*, pp. 124-5). Hogarth's *Masquerades and Operas* has the entrance gate of Burlington House in the background (*ib.* pp. 348-50).

374. *The Wall*, etc. The wall and some ceilings of Burlington House were painted by Marco and Sebastian Ricci and Sir James Thornhill (L.P.P.).

375. *Hendel.* Handel lived for three years at Burlington House.

376. *Transports the Soul. Cf.* Pope, *Dunciad*, IV, 65-8, 'Strong in new Arms, lo Giant Handel stands, | To stir, to rouse, to shake the soul he comes.'

377. *oft' I enter.* So Pope (*A Farewell to London*) speaks of 'Burlington's delicious meal.'

379. *O ye associate Walkers*, etc. Imitated by the anonymous author of *The Art of Living in London* (1793), p. 39, 'O ye associate frugals! O my friends!'

391. *box'd within the Chair.* So the 'Indian Kings' [*i.e.*, the four Iroquois chiefs who visited England in 1710] are made to say in their imaginary description of London (S. 50), 'The Men of the Country are . . . so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned Fellows carried up and down the Streets in little covered Rooms by a Couple of Porters, who are hired for that Service.'

396. *the faithless Oar.* So Swift in the *Journal to Stella* (17 June 1712), 'On Saturday I dined with the Duchess of Ormond, at her lodge near Sheen, and thought to get a boat back as usual; I walked by the bank to Kew, but no boat, then to Mortlake, but no boat; and it was nine o'clock; at last a little sculler called, full of nasty people. I made him set me down at Hammersmith, so walked two miles to this place [*i.e.*, Kensington], and got here by eleven.'

410. *slabby. Cf.* l. 92.

413. *Son of Phoebus*, *i.e.*, Phaethon. *Cf.* Ovid, *Met.*, II, 311-5: *intonat: et dextra libratum fulmen ab aure | misit in aurigam; pariterque animaque rotisque | expulit, et saeuis compescuit ignibus ignes. | consternantur equi; et saltu in contraria facto | colla iugo eripiunt, abruptaque lora relinquunt.*

418. *friendly Bills.* So Steele (S. 444): 'As I was passing along to-day, a Paper given into my Hand by a Fellow without a Nose tells us as follows what

good News is come to Town, to wit, that there is now a certain Cure for the *French* Disease, by a Gentleman just come from his Travels.' Zachary Pearse (S. 572): 'There is another Branch of Pretenders to this Art, who, without either Horse or Pickle-Herring, lie snug in a Garret, and send down Notice to the World of their extraordinary Parts and Abilities by printed Bills and Advertisements.'

419. *seventh-born Doctor.* The seventh son of a seventh son was believed to be an infallible doctor. See Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, III, 265-6. Addison, in a paper on physicians (T. 240), says: 'There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as the seventh son of a seventh son.' Tom Brown, in the advertisement to his *Comical View of the Transactions that will happen in the Cities of London and Westminster* (*Works*, I, 163), warrants his predictions to be true, 'tho' he never travelled abroad, nor pretends to be the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son'; and in his *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (*Works*, II, 167), makes Giusippe Hanesio describe himself as 'High-German Astrologer and Chymist; Seventh Son of a Seventh Son, unborn Doctor, of above sixty Years Experience, educated at twelve Universities, having travelled through fifty two Kingdoms.' Apollo, in the *Fable of Apollo and Daphne* (*Works*, IV, 40), says he is Chief of Physicians, and can 'do more than the best Seventh Son of 'em all.' A quack, 'not content to be the seventh Son of a seventh Son, must needs call himself the unborn Doctor' (*Works*, IV, 116).

422. *Newgate.* Newgate Market, between Newgate Street and Paternoster Row, and Ivy and Warwick Lanes, was originally a meal market, and afterwards a meat market. 'Where were only butchers' shops and shambles, are now publishers' offices and warehouses' (L.P.P.).

424. *Leaden-hall.* Strype describes Leadenhall Market as 'one of the greatest, the best, and the most general for all provisions, in the City of London, nay of the kingdom; and if I should say of all Europe, I should not give it too great a praise.' The first court contained 'about a hundred standing stalls for butchers for the selling only of beef, and therefore this court is called the Beef Market.' Swift, however, in *A Tale of a Tub*, Sect. IV, speaks of 'true, good, natural mutton, as any in Leadenhall market.' Tom Brown, in his *Comical View* (*Works*, I, 164), couples Leadenhall and Newgate: 'Twenty Butchers Wives in *Leadenhall* and *Newgate-Markets* overtaken with Sherry and Sugar by Eight in the Morning.'

Saint James's. St. James's Market, Westminster, is described by Strype (1720) as 'a large place, with a commodious Market-House in the midst, filled with Butchers' Shambles; besides the Stalls in the Market-Place for Country Butchers, Higglers, and the like.'

425. *Thames-street. Cf.* II, 123-34.

Covent-Garden. Strype describes Covent Garden at the end of the seventeenth century: 'The south side of Covent Garden Square lieth open to Bedford Garden, where there is a small grotto of trees, most pleasant in the summer season; and on this side there is kept a market for fruits, herbs, roots, and flowers, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, which is grown to a considerable account and well served with choice goods, which makes it much resorted unto.' Steele, in his *Day in London* (S. 454), visited Covent Garden Market: 'I could not,' he says, 'believe any Place more entertaining than *Covent-Garden*; where I strolled from one Fruit-Shop to another, with Crowds of agreeable

young Women around me, who were purchasing Fruit for their respective Families.'

426. *Moor-fields*, 'a moor or fen without the walls of the City to the north, first drained in 1587; laid out into walks for the first time in 1606, and first built upon late in the reign of Charles II. . . . This low-lying district became famous for its musters and pleasant walks; for its laundresses and bleachers; for its cudgel players and popular amusements; for its madhouse, better known as *Bethlehem Hospital*; and for its bookstalls and ballad-sellers' (L.P.P.). Thoresby (*Diary*, 1709) bought 'a very rare edition of the New Testament in English' in Moorfields (*ib.*). Tom Brown (*Works*, III, 21), speaks of 'those redoubted Authors that take the benefit of the Air upon the rails in Morefields,' and describes the contempt with which 'a well-grown *Paul's Church-yard* Bookseller looks upon one of the Trade that sells second-hand Books under the Trees in Morefields' (*Works*, IV, 122). In 1793 it is described as a place 'where wretched paupers ply | Round clothless tables in an open sky' (*Art of Living in London*, ed. 2, p. 18).

Monmouth-street, 'afterwards called Dudley Street, runs from High Street and Broad Street to Grafton Street in St. Giles's. . . . It was noted throughout the eighteenth century for the sale of second-hand clothes, and several of the shops continued to be occupied by Jew dealers in left-off apparel' (L.P.P.). Prior (*Alma*, I, 170) speaks of Nature as cutting out clothes for all the town, and then sending them to Monmouth Street to try what persons they would fit. 'Monmouth Street shall furnish Versailles with Riding-hoods,' cries Colorynthis in Garth's *Dispensary*, 'before we will submit to the Faculty.' *Cf.* Pope, *Prologue to the Three Hours after Marriage*: 'Poets make characters, as salesmen clothes, | We take no measure of your fops and beaus, | But here all sizes and all shapes you meet, | And fit yourselves, like chaps in Monmouth-street.'

431. *Scholiasts*, commentators. '*Scholiast*, one who makes Notes upon an Author, a Commentator' (Bailey).

433. *like the Bee. Cf.* Horace, *Carmina* IV, ii, 27-9: *apis Matinae | more modoque | grata carpentis thyma per laborem | plurimum.*

437. *Plutarch.* The so-called *Moralia* of Plutarch consist of about eighty-three miscellaneous papers attributed to him, of which many are probably spurious, and only about half deal with ethical questions.

438. *Stagyra's Sage.* Aristotle was born about 384 B.C. at Stageira, a Greek colony in Thrace.

440. *D*** evidently refers to John Dennis.

441. *Lock's fam'd Rape.* Pope's *Rape of the Lock* was written and published in its first form in 1711.

442. *Squirts.* Cf. *The Dispensary*, II (*ad fin.*): 'Officious *Squirt* in Haste forsook his Shop, | To succour the expiring Horoscope.' In the *Compleat Key* added to the poem, Horoscope is explained as Dr. Barnard, and Squirt as Dr. Barnard's man. In Fable XXXVI Gay quotes from *The Dispensary*: 'petty rogues submit to fate | That great ones may enjoy their state.'

Apozems. 'Apozem' is defined by Bailey as 'a Medicinal Decoction of Herbs, Flowers, Roots, Barks, &c.' Cf. *The Dispensary*, V, 'But in a Flood of Apozem was drown'd.' From Greek ἀπόζεμα.

443. *Lintott.* Pope, *Dunciad*, I, 40, speaks of 'Lintot's rubric post,' and in a note says he 'usually adorned his shop with titles in red letters.' Cf. *Dunciad*, II, 53, *seq.*

452. *Flanders Mares.* Tom Brown, in his *Amusements Serious and Comical*

(*Works*, III, 11), describes a court favourite as having 'six as good *Flanders* Mares to his Coach as *English* Money could purchase.' Macaulay (*History of England*, Ch. III) says, 'the coaches of the aristocracy were drawn by grey Flemish mares, which trotted, as it was thought, with a peculiar grace, and endured better than any cattle reared in our island the work of dragging a ponderous equipage over the rugged pavement of London.'

453. *That Wretch*, etc. Steele (T. 144) deals with this subject. He complains that 'the horses and slaves of the rich take up the whole street, while we peripatetics are very glad to watch an opportunity to whisk across a passage, very thankful that we are not run over for interrupting the machine, that carries in it a person neither more handsome, wise, nor valiant than the meanest of us.'

454. *Betray'd his Sister.* So Pope, *Epilogue to the Satires*, I, 111-2: 'And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret, | Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?'

BOOK III

4. *Cynthia.* Diana was Luna in heaven, Diana on earth, Hecate in Hades. *Cf.* Horace, *Carm.* III, xxii, 4, *diua triformis*; Virgil, *Aen.*, IV, 54, *tergemin amque Hecaten, tria uirginis ora Dianae.*

17. *Saint Clement, i.e.*, the church of St. Clement Danes in the Strand, opposite Clement's Inn, so called, according to Stow, 'because Harold, a Danish king, and other Danes, were buried there.' The old church was taken down in 1681, and rebuilt immediately. Dr. Johnson used to attend this church. Steele explains 'the Pass of St. Clement's' as a 'military Term, which the Brothers of the Whip have given the Strait at *St. Clement's* Church . . . where there are always Coaches in waiting' (S. 498). In T. 137 he makes a choleric old army friend exclaim, 'Lookee, there is forever a stop at this hole by St. Clement's Church.'

35. *Oaths grow loud. Cf.* Pope, 1740, *A Poem*, 73-4, 'Alas! the people curse, the carman swears, | The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.'

with Coaches Coaches jar. Cf. Dryden, *The Hind and the Panther*, II, 161, 'Where piles with piles, and eagles eagles met.' Pope, *The Rape of the Lock*, I, 101-2, 'Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots strive, | Beaux banish beaux and coaches coaches drive.' Lucan, *Pharsalia*, I, 6, *infestisque obuia signis | signa.*

38. *the twining Lash. Cf.* D'Urfey, *Collin's Walk through London and Westminster*, II, 'At this his whip with knotted Lash, | Lifted by Arm as strong as rash, | Round Collin's Shoulders smartly twang'd.'

45. *Ytene, i.e.*, the New Forest, from *Iotena*, gen. plur. of *Iotan*, Jutes.

46. *Westphalia. Cf.* Pope, *Epilogue to the Satires*, II, 172, 'As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly.' Tom Brown, *New Maxims of Conversation* (*Works*, III, 77), speaks of a gammon of bacon as 'the topping Dish of the Country' [*i.e.*, Westphalia].

59. *dives the skulking Thief.* So Tom Brown, in his *Amusements Serious and Comical* (*Works*, III, 77): 'put the Bilk upon a *Pick-Pocket;* who measuring my Estate by the Length and Bulkiness of my New Wig, which (God knows) is not paid for, he made a Dive into my Pocket, but encountring a Disappointment, rub'd off, cursing the *Vacuum.*'

61-2. *Watch . . . Snuff-Box.* *Cf.* III, 257, 'Who has not here, or Watch, or Snuff-Box lost?'

64. *Lurcher*, 'one who lies upon the Lurch or upon the Catch; also a kind of Hunting-Dog' (Bailey).

68. *callow Care.* *Cf.* Virgil, *Eclogue*, I, 57, *raucae, tua cura, palumbes.*

74. *beneath the Pump.* *Cf.* Pope, *Epilogue to the Satires*, II, 41, 'Go, drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.' D'Urfey, *Collin's Walk*, II (ed. 1690, p. 59), 'Pump'd in my sense, is cooling Courage; | When th' People for diversion, or rage; | Do punish Pick-pockets.'

77. *Ballad-Singer.* Steele complains of his 'unhappy curiosity,' which was always leading him into some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, and throwing him into expense. He was listening to a new ballad at the corner of Warwick Street, when he fell a victim to the wiles of 'a ragged Rascal, a Beggar,' who knew him (S. 454).

95. *lost Bride.* Virgil, *Aeneid*, II, 768-70: *ausus quin etiam uoces iactare per umbram | inpleui clamore uias, maestusque Creusam | nequiquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque uocaui.*

97. *Nisus.* Virgil, *Aeneid*, IX, 390-3: *Euryale infelix, qua te regione reliqui? | quaue sequar, rursus perplexum iter omne reuoluens | fallacis siluae? simul et uestigia retro | obseruata legit, dumisque silentibus errat.*

108. *Turnstiles.* One may be seen in the frontispiece to the second edition of *Trivia.*

114. *Link-Boy.* A link was a torch, and is said to be derived from *lint*, 'a match,' as in *lint-stock*, the old form of *linstock*, a stick to hold a lighted match, used by gunners. *Cf.* Dryden, *Annus Mirabilis*, 188, 'The linstocks touch, the ponderous ball expires.' Steele, at the end of his day's ramble through London, tells us that he passed the evening at Wills's, 'till I heard the Streets in the possession of the Bell-man, who had now the World to himself, and cry'd *Past Two of Clock.* This rous'd me from my Seat, and I went to my Lodging, led by a Light, whom I put into a Discourse of his private Oeconomy, and made him give me an Account of the Charge, Hazard, Profit and Loss of a Family that depended upon a Link, with a Design to end my trivial Day with the Generosity of Six-pence, instead of a third part of that Sum' (S. 454).

116. *Alehouse Benches.* An alehouse bench may be seen in the second plate, 'Canvassing for votes,' of Hogarth's series of election pictures.

126. *Nuts.* '*Make room there*, says another Fellow, driving a Wheelbarrow of Nuts'—Tom Brown, *Amusements Serious and Comical* (*Works*, III, 15). 'We mov'd on till we came to *Fleet Bridge*, where Nuts, Ginger bread, Oranges, and Oysters lay pil'd up in Moveable Shops that run upon Wheeles, attended by ill looking Fellows, some with but one Eye, and others without Noses'—*The London Spy* (Ashton, II, 158).

133. *Lincoln's-Inn, i.e.*, Lincoln's Inn Fields, a square immediately west of Lincoln's Inn. 'In the reign of Elizabeth and the early years of James I the site was an open waste, the haunt of beggars and idle persons.' *Cf.* Tom Brown, *London and Westminster* (*Works*, I, 171), 'Beggars take up their respective Posts in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields and other Places by Seven.' *The Country Gentleman's Companion*, p. 97, 'The General Places where the Masters of this Art [*i.e.*, Guinea-dropping] *Rendezvous*, is Lincoln's-Inn Fields and Covent Garden.' *Ib.*, p. 51, 'Lincoln's-Inn Fields, where the Mountebank and his *Andrew* will divert you as well.'

rail'd around. 'The rail to which Gay alludes was only a wooden post-and-rail; the square itself was enclosed with iron rails for the first time pursuant to an Act passed in 1735' (L.P.P.).

137. *That Crutch*, etc. 'Scarecrow, the Beggar in *Lincoln's-Inn-Fields*, who disabled himself in his Right Leg, and asks Alms all Day' (S. 6).

144. *Crystal Lamp. Cf.* Note on I, 66.

145. *Augusta.* According to Ammianus Marcellinus (XXVII, viii, 7), writing of the year A.D. 368, London was then *uetus oppidum, quod Augustam posteritas appellauit.* It was originally the capital of the British tribe called Trinobantes, and one of its names was Augusta Trinobantum, from which came the Anglo-French Troynovant. So Swift (*On Poetry*, 280) calls it Augusta Trinobantum. *Cf.* Dryden, *Annus Mirabilis*, 295.

159. *Train of Torches. Cf.* Juvenal, *Sat.*, III, 284-5, *comitum longissimus ordo,* | *multum praeterea flammarum et aenea lampas.*

170. *To cross the Way. Cf.* Note on II, 453 above.

185. *Ostrea*, an oyster-woman. So Pope (*Dunciad*, II, 415) speaks of Norton De Foe as 'from Daniel and Ostroea sprung.'

186. *Wallfleet*, 'a Place in *Essex* famous for Oisters' (Bailey). *Cf.* Drayton, *Poly-olbion*, XIX, 125, 'Think you our Oysters here unworthy of your praise? | Pure *Walfleet*, which do still the daintiest palates please.'

189. *Fleet-Ditch.* See note on II, 124.

190. *Oyster-Tubs.* 'In Gay's time oysters were sold in the street by wheelbarrow men at "Twelvepence a Peck." The "choicest of oysters, called Colchester oysters," fetched prices ranging from 1*s.* 8*d.* to 3*s.* per barrel; while pickled oysters from Jersey could be bought for 1*s.* 8*d.* per hundred' (Underhill).

196. *Brass or Steel*, suggested by Horace's *illi robur et aes triplex* | *circa pectus erat* (*Carmina* I, iii, 9).

201. *Blood stuff'd in Skins, i.e.*, black-puddings, a kind of sausage made of blood, suet, etc. Hudibras' breeches were lined with 'fat Black-Puddings, proper Food | For Warriors that delight in Blood' (I, i, 315-6).

203. *Morell*, 'an edible fungus of the genus *Morchella*, especially *Morchella esculenta*' (N.E.D). Evelyn describes it as a 'delicate red Mushroom.'

Ragousts. 'RAGOO [F., *ragout*] a high seasoned Dish of Meat' (Bailey). 'I hate French Fricasies and Ragousts,' says Clodpate in Shadwell's *Epsom Wells*, IV, i. Colley Cibber (*Apology*, 1740, p. 38) speaks of 'a mere Ragoust, toss'd up from the offals of other authors.' *Cf.* Tom Brown, *Diverting Letters* (*Works*, III, 153), 'No *Pagan* Ragoo's, nor *high-flown* Kickshaw.' Spelt 'raggou' in *Collin's Walk*, p. 144.

210. *shove thee far without the Post.* So a 'reverend sire, whom want of grace | Has made the father of a nameless race,' is 'shoved from the wall' by his unrecognized son (Pope, *Moral Essays*, I, 232-5).

215. *Oedipus' detested State.* Oedipus unwittingly slew his father, Laïus, who met him in the way and 'was for thrusting him rudely from the path' (Sophocles, *Oedipus Tyrannus*, 800-12).

217. *Where three Roads join'd. Oed. Tyr.*, 800-1, τριπλῆς | ὅτ' ἦ κελεύθου τῆσδ' ὁδοιπορῶν πέλας.

221. *fatal Plague.* The opening scene of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* shows a band of suppliants waiting before the palace of Oedipus at Thebes. In answer to the question of Oedipus as to the cause of their coming, the priest of Zeus tells him that the city is sorely distressed with a plague (*Oed. Tyr.*, 22-30).

222. *cursed Incest*, *i.e.*, the marriage of Oedipus with his mother Iocasta.

Children slain, *i.e.*, Eteocles and Polynices, who slew one another in battle, when Polynices with six Argive chiefs besieged Thebes (Sophocles, *Antigone*, 13-4).

224. *Theban Streets*. In the interval of about twenty years which is supposed to elapse between the end of the *Oedipus Tyrannus* and the beginning of the *Oedipus Coloneus*, Oedipus after blinding himself was at first allowed to remain at Thebes, but was ultimately expelled, and wandered as a blind beggar about the country under the guidance of his daughter Antigone. In the *Coloneus* he is found at Colonos about a mile from Athens.

231. *Herse with 'Scutcheons*. In Ireland's *Graphic Illustrations from Hogarth*, p. 10, is an etching from a very scarce print by Hogarth called *The Funeral Ticket*, in which the hearse, scutcheons, and plumes are clearly shown. *Cf.* Gay's *Journey to Exeter* (*Poems*, p. 285), 'As herses pass'd, our landlord robb'd the pall, | And with the mournful scutcheon hung his hall'. *Miscellanies* (*ib.*, p. 422), 'Thy heir with smiles shall view thy blazon'd herse.'

242. *Nerves*, in the old sense of 'tendons, sinews' (νεῦρον, neruus). *Cf. Hamlet*, I, iv, 83, 'the Nemean lion's nerve.'

249. *Guinea-Dropper*. Guinea-dropping, or 'Sweetening,' is thus described by 'One of the Chief Masters of the Faculty' in *The Country Gentleman's Vade Mecum* (1699), pp. 97-101. 'To make us a Compleat Set, there must be three of us; One to Personate a *Merchant*, the other a *Country Gentleman*, and the third a *Tradesman*. When we have hit of our *Cully*, (and they have commonly a damnable Notion of a Person for their Turn), One of our Gang marches directly before him, and another follows close behind, till they come to a convenient Place, where the *Mouth* (as they are pleas'd to term him) must needs observe; and then the Spark that is in the Front, drops the Guinea: Faith (says he, turning about to the Stranger), I have found a Piece of Mony here, I think 'tis a *Guinea*; and then if he that's in the Rear perceives he's insensible to the Cheat, up he steps, and claims Halfs. After a little Sham-squabble between the two Cheats, says the first, If any body has any right to a Snack, 'tis this Gentleman, who saw me take it up: But to prevent Disputes, Come (saith he), 'tis a lucky hit, we'll ev'n go all to the Tavern, and spend the odd Mony, and then divide the Remainder fairly and equally amongst us. The third still continues at a distance, to observe the Success of their Management, and in what Tavern they house him, which is one where they commonly have a thorow Acquaintance and Familiarity: when he's fixt, then in comes he, in a mighty Hurry, and pretended Confusion, for the Loss of a *Bill*, which he says he supposes he dropt just now, in the very Room where they are drinking: and to colour the Matter, one of the other two conveys a *Sham-bill* under the Table, which he immediately takes up, and as a testimony of his Joy for the Recovery of it, will needs call for his Pint. After they have drank two or three Pints, and begin to grow a little warm, up starts one of 'em, and pretends to have discovered a Pack of Cards, which he has before plac'd in some convenient part of the Room, for his purpose. Ha! says he, here's a Pack of Cards; Come, Faith, I'll shew you one of the prettiest Tricks, that I was taught by a Dutchman t'other Day, that ever I saw in my Life. And so to possess their *Cully* of their Innocence, etc., they shew several of the ordinary Tricks upon the Cards. At last, he that is the most Dexterous, starts the Grand Trick; which they call *Preaching the Parson*; how the Dogs came to call it by that Name, I know not; unless it be, that so many honest Clergymen, above the rest, have been impos'd upon by it. As to

the manner of their Trick, 'tis no great matter, my Design is not to teach you Tricks, but how to avoid 'em : 'tis a Palm, and a Slip that they have, a sort of *Deceptio Visus*, which if you have a Curiosity to see, there's enough in Town will equip you. If this Cheat takes, then they will have no need to try any othet Expedients ; but if this don't pass upon you, then they'll try you with false Dice, Rug and the Leather, or twenty other Projects, that they have ready upon such Occasions. For, in short, your Money they will have, before they part with you ; or rather than fail, knock you down, and rifle you, or pick your Pocket.'

Tom Brown, in his *Comical View of London and Westminster* (*Works*, I, 182), speaks of 'a son of Bacchus' as being 'as pale as a Guinea-dropper, when he 's carried before a worshipful Justice' ; and in his *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (*Works*, II, 145), describes Alexander the Great in Hades as 'Bully to a Guinea-Dropper.'

262. *Katherine-street*, 'a street running from the Strand to Russell Street, Covent Garden. The northern half was formerly called Brydges Street. Drury Lane Theatre is at its north-east corner' (L.P.P.). According to Strype it was originally 'well built and inhabited, and of great resort for the theatre there.' *Cf.* Chancellor, *Annals of the Strand*, p. 60. In *The Art of Living in London* (ed. 2, 1793), p. 15, it is described as 'that street where Venus holds her reign,| And Pleasure's daughters drag a life of pain.'

274. *Charmer! Love! my Dear!* imitated in *The Art of Living in London*, p. 27, 'In well-feign'd accents now they hail the ear | "My life, my love, my charmer, or my dear."'

307. *Watchmen.* Cf. *The Art of Living in London*, p. 22, 'The drowsy watchman hobbles to his stand, | Prepar'd to free the thief who gilds his hand.' Garth, *Dispensary*, III, 'So aweful *Beadles*, if the *Vagrant* treat, | Straight turn familiar, and their *Fasces* quit.'

311. *Lanthorns.* 'The Constable going his Rounds quickly made me the Centre of a Circle of *Jack of Lanthorns* '—Tom Brown, *Letters from the Dead to the Living* (*Works*, II, 234). 'To understand the picture it is needful to remember that the watch consisted of watchmen with staves and lanterns led by a constable, who carried a staff but not a lantern' (Wheatley, *Hogarth's London*, p. 378).

314. *scow'ring Crew.* 'Scowrers' was one of many cant names for the drunken bullies who infested the streets of London at this time. 'When night | Darkens the streets, then wander forth the sons | Of Belial, flown with insolence and wine' (Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I, 500-2). Their predecessors were called 'Hectors,' 'Muns,' and 'Tityre Tus.' Their doings are thus described in Shadwell's play, *The Scowrers*. 'We Scour'd the Market People, overthrew the Butter Women, defeated the Pippin Merchants, wip'd out the Milk Scores, pull'd off the Door Knockers, dawb'd the Gilt Signs.' The term was evidently obsolescent in 1712, when Steele (S. 276) makes the old Bencher of one of the Inns of Court say that he had been 'a Scowrer, a Scamperer, a Breaker of Windows, an Invader of Constables, in the Days of Yore, when all Dominion ended with the Day, and Males and Females met helter skelter, and the Scowrers drove before them all who pretended to keep up Order or Rule to the Interruption of Love and Honour.'

316. *Constable.* D'Urfey (*Collin's Walk*, p. 76) thus describes the Constable :

'A Wight of Conduct great, and Powers,
Especially at Midnight hours,
When in his Wooden Throne he sits,
To judge without, of others Wits,
To put the puzzling questions too,
Of whence d'ee come, and where d'ee go:
And when the minutes Twelve repeat,
Profoundly tell us that 'tis late;
Then with his Guard in State retire,
To Smoak and Tope by Sea-cole fire.'

323. *Nicker.* Steele (T. 77) says: 'When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious young men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, were every night employed in roasting porters, smoking cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overturning constables, breaking windows, blackening sign-posts, and the like immortal enterprises, that dispersed their reputation throughout the whole kingdom. One could hardly find a knocker at a door in a whole street after a midnight expedition of these *beaux esprits*. I was lately very much surprised by an account of my maid, who entered my bedchamber this morning in a very great fright, and told me, she was afraid my parlour was haunted; for that she had found several panes of my windows broken, and the floor strewed with halfpence.' 'A young Man of very lively parts' may frequently be traced to his lodgings by a range of broken windows (S. 576). A 'gay young gentleman' thus describes the Nickers in *The British Apollo* (1 April 1709): 'We take a Hackny-Coach, and make the Coach-man drive up and down the Town, always providing ourselves with good store of Copper Halfpence, which we throw at Sash-windows as we drive along' (Quoted by Underhill).

326. *Mohocks.* Steele (S. 324) describes the Mohocks as 'a Set of Men, who have lately erected themselves into a Nocturnal Fraternity, under the Title of the *Mohock Club*, a Name borrowed, it seems, from a Sort of *Cannibals* in *India*, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the Nations about them.' After inflaming themselves with strong drink, he says, 'they make a general Sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the Streets through which they patrole. Some are knock'd down, others stabb'd, others cut and carbonado'd. To put the Watch to total Rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive Militia, is reckon'd a *Coup d'éclat*. . . . Some are celebrated for a happy Dexterity in tipping the Lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the Nose flat to the Face, and boring out the Eyes with their Fingers: others are called the Dancing-Masters, and teach their Scholars to cut Capers by running Swords thro' their Legs: a third sort are the Tumblers, whose Office it is to set Women on their Heads.' The 'Sweaters' used to surround their victim, each member of the circle pricking him with his sword as he turned his back, till he was thought to have sweat sufficiently, when he was rubbed down by some attendants and discharged (S. 332). Budgell gives an imaginary proclamation issued by the 'Emperor of the Mohocks,' in which he sets forth the limitations of time and place in which his subjects may 'tip the Lion,' 'sweat,' 'hunt,' and practise the art of 'Tumblers' (S. 437). Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, has many references to the Mohocks, *e.g.*, 8 March 1711-12: 'Did I tell you of a race of rakes, called Mohocks, that play the devil about this town every night, slit people's noses, and bid them, etc.' He comes home early, or in a chair, for fear of the Mohocks. The Lord Treasurer advises him not to go in a chair,

because the Mohocks insult chairs more than they do those on foot; and young Davenant tells them at court how he was set upon by Mohocks, and how they ran his chair through with a sword.

330. *Snow-hill*, 'the confined, circuitous, narrow and steep highway between Holborn Bridge and Newgate. . . . When Skinner Street was built in 1802 Snow Hill ceased to be the highway between Newgate Street and Holborn. It remained little improved till cleared away in forming the Holborn Viaduct and approaches, 1867' (L.P.P.). Swift, in his *City Shower* (T. 238), describes how

> 'the swelling kennels
> From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their course,
> And in huge confluent joined at Snow Hill ridge,
> Fall from the Conduit, prone to Holborn Bridge.'

334. *Regulus*, according to the legend, on returning to Carthage from Rome, where he had dissuaded the Senate from accepting the Carthaginian terms, was placed in a chest, covered inside with iron nails, and thus perished. *Cf.* Horace, *Carmina* III, v, 13-56.

345. *Eddystone*. 'Eddystone lighthouse, off the port of Plymouth, erected by the Trinity-house, to enable ships to avoid the Eddystone rock. The first light-house was commenced under Mr. Winstanley in 1696; finished in 1699; and destroyed in the dreadful tempest of 27 November, 1703, when Mr. Winstanley and others perished' (Haydn, *Dictionary of Dates*).

355. *Cries of Fire*. In Hogarth's engraving, 'The Times, Plate I,' published in 1762, representing a fire in London, the firemen may be seen squirting water from syringes, and the fire-engine of the Union Fire Office worked by one of its firemen. In *The Microcosm of London*, II, 36, a coloured plate by Pugin and Rowlandson shows the great fire which took place in 1791 at the Albion Mills on the Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge.

356. *scatt'ring Sparks*. *Cf.* Dryden, *Annus Mirabilis*, CCXVII, 'And first few scattering sparks about were blown.'

366. *helpless Infant*. *Cf. Annus Mirabilis*, CCXXVI, 'And frighted mothers strike their breasts too late, | For helpless infants left amidst the fire.'

368. *Dardan Hero*. In the second book of the *Aeneid* (vv. 707-8, 804), Aeneas describes how he bore his aged father Anchises on his shoulders from the blazing ruins of Troy.

378. *Caesar's Doom*. Plutarch (*Life of Caesar*) speaks of 'the fires in the element' [*i.e.*, the sky], that were said to have been seen before the death of Caesar. *Cf.* Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, I, iii, 1-78.

379. *veil'd in Rust*, from Virgil, *Georgics*, I, 466, *ille etiam exstincto miseratus Caesare Romam, | cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine texit.*

383. *nitrous Store*. So in *Annus Mirabilis*, CCXLV, 'the powder blows up all before the fire.' Evelyn, *Diary*, Sept. 5, 1666, 'began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them downe with engines.'

411. *W* and G***, probably Ward and Gildon. Edward (commonly called Ned) Ward (1667-1714) published coarse poems satirizing the Whigs and the low-church party, and descriptive of life in London. He is best known as the author of *The London Spy*. Charles Gildon (1665-1724) attacked Pope as 'Sawney Dapper,' and was included by him in *The Dunciad* (D.N.B.). He is coupled with Dennis (*Dunciad*, III, 173) and with Ward (*ib.*, I, 296). Pope

calls him 'a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age,' and says that he wrote some very bad plays. In the *Prologue to the Satires* (151), where he is again connected with Dennis, Pope speaks of his 'venal quill.'

412. *Chelsea* used to be famous for its buns. Swift writes to Stella (1 May 1711), 'Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not r-r-r-r-r-r-rare Chelsea Buns? I bought one to-day in my walk; it cost me a penny.' The imaginary correspondent in Budgell's paper (S. 175) describes how the 'Butt,' whom he had taken as a foil in an 'Entertainment upon the Water,' which he gave to some ladies, turned the tables upon him, and 'rallied and tossed' him in a 'most unmerciful and barbarous manner,' till they came to Chelsea, where he had some small success while they were eating Cheese-Cakes. Chelsea is coupled with Knightsbridge, Spring Gardens, and Barn Elms by Mrs. Frail in Congreve's *Love for Love* (II, ii), as a suburban pleasure resort.

412. *under Custards.* So Swift imagines Lintot saying to a country squire who wants to purchase his works a year after his death: 'Sir, you may find them in Duck Lane; | I sent them with a load of books | Last Monday to the pastry-cook's' (*On the Death of Dr. Swift*). 'Anthony Title-page, Stationer,' in a letter to the *Spectator* (S. 304), asks to be allowed to print the rejected letters, or 'to sell them by the Pound Weight to his good Customers the Pastry-Cooks of London and Westminster.' *Cf.* Pope, *Dunciad*, I, 155-6, 'Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size, | Redeemed from tapers and defrauded pies.' *Epistle to a Lady*, 37, 'One common fate all imitators share, | To save mince-pies, and cap the grocer's ware.' So in Latin the mediocre poet fears lest *deferar in uicum uendentem tus et odores | et piper et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis* (Horace, *Epistles*, II, i, 269); *ne nigram cito raptus in culinam | cordylas madida tegas papyro | uel turis piperisue sis cucullus* (Martial, *Epigrams*, III, ii, 3-6); *nec scombros metuentia carmina nec tus* (Persius, *Satirés*, I, 43).

413. *Bandboxes repair.* So Pope, *Satires and Epistles*, V, 415-9, 'And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves, | . . . Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row, | Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.'

414. *Rockets. Cf.* Garth, *Dispensary*, VI, 'When Bonfires blaze, your vagrant Works shall rise | In Rockets, 'till they reach the wond'ring Skies.'

415. *Fleetstreet Posts.* Fleet Street was famous for its publishers' shops. Here Drayton's *Poems* were published by John Smithwick in 1608; *The Compleat Angler*, by Richard Marriot in 1653; Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding* was first printed by Eliz. Holt for Thomas Basset in 1690. Here Edmund Curll, Jacob Robinson, Lawton Gilliver, Bernard Lintot, and Jacob Tonson had their shops. See *Annals of Fleet Street*, by E. Beresford Chancellor.

Posts. Publishers used to decorate the door-posts and walls of their shops with the titles of books in red letters. So Pope speaks of his name as 'standing rubric' on the walls, and 'plastering posts' with capitals (*Prologue to the Satires*, 215-6). In *The Dunciad*, Lintot's 'rubric post' (I, 40), and Osborne's 'lettered post' (II, 171) are mentioned. Mark Pattison shows that the practice was earlier, quoting from Hall, *Satires*, V, 2, 'When Maevio's first page of his poesy | Nail'd to a hundred postes for novelty.' Ben Jonson, *Epigrams*, ep. 3, 'Nor have my title-leaf on posts or walls.' In fact it was as old as Horace. *Cf. Satires*, I, 71, *nulla taberna meos habeat neque pila libellos. Ars Poetica*, 372, *mediocribus esse poetis | non homines, non di, non concessere columnae.* Martial (I, cxvii, 10-12) speaks of a bookseller's shop as *scriptis postibus hinc et inde totis, | omnes ut cito perlegas poetas.*

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